THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1894.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE close of the session has been marked by an incident of much significance. On Friday last week, in Committee of Supply, Mr. Healy moved a large reduction in the vote for the officers of the House of Lords. The motion was defeated, though only by a small majority. It was clearly intended by the Irish members and their English allies as a demonstration against the Upper Chamber. On Monday Mr. Cobb, having given notice of his intention, questioned the Chancellor of the Exchequer as to the steps the Government meant to take with regard to the House of Lords. He received an answer which can scarcely be said to have advanced matters. Thereupon the Radicals, believing that the vote on the House of Lords would come up that night on Report, determined to renew their attack on the Upper Chamber. They were unable to do this directly, owing to the fact that Ministers did not bring up the Report of Supply. This, however, only added to the indignation of the Radicals, and for nearly four hours they persisted in a series of dilatory motions and made fierce complaint of what they alleged to be the apathy of the Government on the subject of the Lords.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT vainly tried to appease the wrath of his excited followers. He pointed out to them the absurdity of attempting to strike at the Lords through their officers, and declared that for himself he stood by every word of his speech at Portsmouth. In the end he was compelled to yield, and to abandon any attempt to proceed with further business. On Tuesday a Cabinet Council was held, and it is said that after it some private assurances of a satisfactory character were given to the Irish members who had taken a prominent part in Monday night's revolt. Even this, however, did not satisfy the British Radicals, and late in the Tuesday sitting they insisted upon discussing the question of the Lords, and moved to disallow the vote for the officers of that House. Mr. John Morley made a grave and earnest speech, pointing out that the result of such a motion, if carried, could only be to plunge the country at once into the throes of a constitutional crisis. At the same time he made a more explicit declaration with regard to the intentions of Ministers than had yet been forthcoming from the Treasury Bench. The motion was defeated, though forty-five members voted for it.

WE discuss elsewhere the lessons taught by these remarkable incidents. That they were not unexpected is shown by the letter from "An Old Radical," which we publish on another page, and which was written before Monday's revolt occurred. The simple truth is that the Irish members and a very considerable body of British members have been growing more and more impatient at the absence of any specific declaration on the part of Ministers, with regard to the question of the House of Lords. Such impatience may be exaggerated and unjustifiable, but in the circumstances it can hardly be regarded as unnatural. Ministers were, of course, bound to resist the attempt to force their hands at the close of the session, but they have done well to do something to allay the fears of their followers, exaggerated though those fears are, and it cannot be doubted that the events of the week mark a distinct advance in the popular movement against the Lords.

THE struggles of the session were virtually brought to a close on Wednesday afternoon, when the Scotch Local Government Bill, as amended by the Lords, passed through the House of Commons. If it had not been for the late period of the session, and the absence of the majority of members from town, it is extremely probable that the Commons would have refused to accept the Lords' amendments. As it is, the measure has passed in an avowedly imperfect state, owing to the changes which have been introduced into it in the House of Lords. Of the session as a whole, it may be said that where it has proved successful the credit is due to the House of Commons, whilst where it has been a failure the responsibility must rest upon the House of Lords. The prorogation takes place to-day, and for some months to come peace will reign at Westminster.

MR. ACLAND'S annual statement of the educational progress of England and Wales has this year of necessity been deferred to a late period of the session, and has been very much condensed in delivery. But the results he was enabled to communicate to the House of Commons on Tuesday afternoon are eminently satisfactory in every respect, except perhaps that in dealing with voluntary schools the Department is chargeable with leniency rather than strictness. There is an immense increase in the actual number of children receiving instruction in elementary schools, and an increase in the average attendance amounting to

two per cent. This, of course, involves a considerable increase in the expenditure, which this year amounts to £6,500,000 in round numbers; but it is safe to say that no part of our expenditure is likely to give a better return. It is not merely in the spread of rudimentary knowledge; it is quite as much in the moral influences and the habits of discipline, order, and comparative cleanliness—mitigated, perhaps, by the feeling, among certain supporters of the voluntary system, against sanitation and hat-pegs—which are now engendered among an increasing proportion of the least regular class. It is to these moral influences that we must look for the diminution of that "residuum" whose members constitute the bulk of the unemployed—who have reverted to the irregularity and shiftlessness of the savage state, while falling below its intelligence.

PERHAPS, however, the most interesting part of the statement was that relating to the continuation schools, which form our nearest approach to those elaborate systems of State-aided intermediate education which are almost universal in the United States and on the Continent of Europe. The attendance at evening and continuation schools is likely to double this year; and they will extend their work to that greatly neglected province of education, the rising generation of the lower middle class. There is ample variety in the curriculum open, especially since its revision under Mr. Acland's auspices; and these schools, covering as they do perhaps the most important, and certainly the most dangerous, period of life, deserve every encouragement—which they will not get, we may parenthetically remark, according to the declared programme of the majority on the present School Board for London. They are to have less of the old and crude system of testing by examination, and more scientific inspection from the Science and Art Department, whose plans we recently noticed in greater detail—inspection which will open to them more sympathetic and skilled advice than has ever been available before. The Education Department in its earlier days did little more than check results; now, under Mr. Acland's management, it is tending to furnish sympathetic guidance and expert advice.

THE debate effectually vindicated Mr. Acland from the charges of injustice to voluntary schools which have been so freely made in the Church and Conservative papers. When one member denounces hat-pegs—the absence of which means the spread of infection—and others defend bad lighting because it is met with outside school, or complain that improvements in sanitation effected three years ago are not satisfactory now, we cannot attach much value to their complaints. Mr. Acland has been completely vindicated from the general charges referred to, both by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by the Bishop of St. Asaph, whose testimony, quoted by Mr. J. H. Lewis, is the more valuable in that he is not likely *à priori* to be disposed to regard any member of the present Government with approval. Indeed, the lukewarmness with which the charges were made for the most part is a curious contrast with the heat of the supporters of voluntary schools on previous occasions. Lord Cranborne, however, promises a severe fight over the religious difficulty on the Secondary Education Bill next year. That is bad news for education, and perhaps even worse for religion.

THE revival during the subsequent debate on the vote for University Colleges as to the claims of King's College to share in the grant will do little good either to that institution or to the cause of higher education. It is not well for the College to revive memories of its behaviour to F. D. Maurice; and one would imagine it to be obvious that if grants are to be made to one College which is of so distinctly denominational a character as to apply theological tests to teachers of secular subjects, the principle must be fairly applied all round. Then we may expect a State-aided Catholic University College, and concurrent endowment of other denominational colleges, supported by worthy people who are under the delusion that they are conferring a benefit on their creed by setting up Colleges limited by it, and therefore too small to be of any use. In short, we shall have the "one-horse university system" which transatlantic experience emphatically condemns. In a large country like America, indeed, these small separate colleges have had the merit of reaching a class of students who would otherwise never come in sight of higher education. In England they can only fritter away educational forces, and they may, as in America, occasionally give rise to grave scandals. The Welsh Nonconformist Colleges and Queen's College, Birmingham (a Church foundation), have, we believe, recognised these facts, and now obtain their secular teaching from the University Colleges. But if we are to have concurrent endowment—which King's College in principle demands, and a Conservative Government would possibly grant—there will not be pupils enough for the teachers, nor will the teachers themselves be adequate to the work.

IF the friends of King's College really believe that the estimable young clerics who are entitled to write A.K.C. after their names will be one bit the less sound in the Christian faith because their knowledge of the Greek language has been derived from a Jew, Turk, or infidel professor, we can only marvel that they have so escaped knowledge of the ordinary attitude of British youth towards its teachers. The Government has dealt tenderly with the College; and if the friends of the latter cared as much as Lord Salisbury's recent speech on the subject indicated, they could easily make up the sum required themselves. But it is only too evident that they regard the question not as a matter of education, but as a convenient means of attacking the Government.

SOME very interesting statistics are contained in the fortieth annual report for the year 1893 of the Postmaster-General, which has been issued this week. From these it appears that during the year 1,811,800,000 letters were carried through the post, being an average of forty-seven a head of the population. In addition, two hundred and forty-eight millions of postcards, five hundred and seventy-four millions of book-packets, circulars, etc., and one hundred and sixty-five millions of newspapers passed through the office. In every class there was an increase on the year. The number of parcels carried was fifty-four millions. Of the express and special deliveries there were nearly two hundred thousand. The Post-Office Savings Bank showed a steady increase during the year, the total amount due to depositors on December 31st being more than eighty millions sterling. The number of depositors is five and three-quarter millions, and the average amount due to each depositor is fourteen pounds and fivepence. The number of telegrams sent was close upon seventy-one millions. The revenue of the office for the year was £10,472,000, and the expenditure £7,738,000. This is without including the telegraphic revenue, which amounted to £2,534,000.

THE reports—majority and minority—of the Committee on the Irish Land Acts make two or three things clear to the ordinary reader amid the manifold intricacies and technicalities of the problem with which they deal. One is as to the cost and comparative futility of appeals from the decision of the Sub-Commissioners. The majority report points out that the re-hearing of cases which these

officials have already decided produces little result except in increasing costs, and is, so far as land values are concerned, apart from law, an appeal from knowledge to ignorance. Another point made in this report is the inadequacy of reductions hitherto. Since the passing of the Act of 1881 it amounts only to 20·8 per cent. altogether, which, as the Committee remark, is considerably less than the voluntary reductions made in England in the same time. The whole question of the meaning of "fair rent," moreover, is complicated, not only by the decision in "*Adams* v. *Dunseath*," which, as we said last week, has effectually defeated the intentions of the Legislature, but by the great variations in the practice of the Assistant Commissioners in paying the value of his improvements. The status of the tenant at the close of his statutory term is another matter involved in uncertainty; and the minority report also asserts that the intentions of the Legislature have been defeated on this point, but in a manner unfavourable to the landlords. Both reports, at any rate, agree in recognising that necessity for further legislation next session which we insisted on last week. The minority claim to have retired because the evidence was not sufficiently full. We have learnt to know that thirst for information in Parliament, and to entertain some doubts of its genuineness. As a matter of fact, though the scope of the inquiry was necessarily limited to a general view of the subject, the non-official evidence was on behalf of the landlords alone. The proposed inclusion of a large class of pasture-farms in the Act will, no doubt, be strenuously resisted; but we do not suppose that independent observers will see any reason for depriving these tenants of the benefits of public arbitration.

ONE cannot feel much sympathy with the Devonshire Volunteers who have just been dismissed for having, while in camp at the end of last month, refused to obey an order which they deemed unfair. As to whether it was really unfair or not, we can express no opinion, nor does it make any practical difference. The men in question have gained very little by being "the oldest company in the battalion" if they have not yet learnt that, even when playing at soldiering, the first duty of the soldier is obedience. The order may, no doubt, be questioned afterwards, but it must first be obeyed. If the force should ever be called on for action it is desirable that the country should be able to depend upon its discipline more, for instance, than the United States was able to do on the State Militia at the beginning of the War of Secession. We believe the Battle of Bull Run was fought prematurely—everybody knows with what disastrous results to the Federal cause in America and Europe—because the regiments which had been called out for three months could not be depended on to stay a day or two beyond their time. If the English Volunteers cannot go a little beyond what is strictly required of them in time of peace, can we be quite sure of them in war?

ABROAD.

THE lamentable war in the East—lamentable more than other wars, because if it lasts long enough it will probably result in the crushing defeat of the most promising of Eastern nations, and open the way for the least promising of Western—proceeds slowly and without much definite result. It is reported, indeed, from Chinese sources that the Japanese have been repulsed in a land battle with great slaughter; but, until the report is confirmed, it is permissible to suspend judgment. Apparently preliminary negotiations for a joint European intervention were going on early this week; though not, we fear, with any very satisfactory result. In Japan an internal war-loan is being subscribed with the utmost enthusiasm, and the nobles have gone beyond the people by subscribing eighty million dollars without interest. China, meanwhile, whose credit is considerably higher than was ever that of any State in South America, has apparently secured considerable financial aid in Berlin. It is satisfactory to see that our Government is on the alert to prevent the despatch of war materials of any kind to either belligerent. The new torpedo-catcher seized in the Tyne may be intended for a South American Government—possibly Peru, in view of the complications with Chili, which will arise when the deferred vote is taken at the end of the year on the future allegiance of the nitrate provinces; and the *Islam*, just detained in the Clyde, may be only a trading vessel with larger port-holes than usual; but we do not want any new *Alabama* questions in the far East.

AN item of the Corean news this week, by the way, bears fresh testimony to the diplomatic ingenuity of Japan. The King of Corea, seven weeks ago, declared himself independent of China, and invited the help of the Japanese Government to expel the Chinese contingent from Asan. As the King is a puppet, and Corean independence a figment, the manœuvre is ingenious, but it is too transparent, in view of what is now known in Europe.

THE new programme of the Liberal Popular Party in Germany—that is, of the main body of the Liberal Party which, in the spring of last year, remained faithful to its established creed under its veteran leader, Herr Richter—exhibits some signs of that extension of older Liberalism with which England and other countries more advanced than Germany have long been familiar. The party has always been essentially a party of *laissez-faire* and individualism, yet it now advocates an extension of the system of compulsory insurance for workmen, and demands that the State shall set an example to other employers of labour—that is, we suppose, that it shall introduce shorter hours and fix a minimum wage. State employment, it must be remembered, is relatively far more extensive in Germany than with us, because not only are the railways mostly State property, but many of the mines are directly worked by the State. It need hardly be said that the party remains distinctly monometallist.

ON its political side, the programme embodies many demands familiar to the older Liberalism of England, and to a great extent conceded long ago. Ministerial responsibility to Parliament, with the real party government that it implies; the right of free combination; the liability of the State in cases of unjustified arrest or prosecution; the fixing of the peace-strength of the army by an annual vote of the Reichstag; such demands remind us how far the Empire still is from real freedom. A reform of the game-laws and the land-laws, so as to extend peasant proprietorship, and the promotion of home colonies, are other interesting items, in view of the current "agrarian" agitation. It is doubted, however, whether the programme will do much to facilitate the return of the Seceders or to check the current towards the Social-Democratic party which was so notable at the elections last year. A new feature is its recognition of the work the party has to do in the separate States of the Empire. Here, far more than in the Reichstag, there is scope for reform; and the demands for electoral reform which the programme makes are mostly applicable to their constitutions alone.

THE financial situation in Italy has steadily been growing more and more serious, in spite of Signor

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Crispi's efforts for her salvation. At the end of last week it became known that thirty millions—or, according to some accounts, fifty millions—of francs would be required to make the Budget balance. M. Boselli, the Minister of Finance, is said to have many plans for meeting the deficit; but most of them, like the petroleum monopoly which he is said to contemplate, have already been considered and rejected by the ill-starred Giolitti Ministry. There are, of course, to be further economies; but until the army is touched they can hardly be effectual, and in view of the forward policy just initiated in Abyssinia, it is hardly likely that any step can now be taken in this direction. Meanwhile, the result of the Banca Romana trial has brought about another complication. The acquittal of the accused, it will be remembered, so offended public opinion that an inquiry was ordered into the conduct of the case. The inquiry has broken down, and the Minister of Justice is expected to resign.

We do not know what truth there is in the announcement made on Friday, apparently with some authority, by the *Journal des Débats*, that the King of Italy has resolved to ameliorate the condition of Sicily by sending the Prince of Naples there as Viceroy. The step would, of course, be a concession to that curious Nationalist spirit which that much-mixed population possesses in so large a measure; but we suspect that in Sicily, as in Ireland, the time when such measures of conciliation would have been effectual, if it ever existed, has long gone by. If, however, this step is backed by a strong Land Bill and a drastic reform of local government, it may conceivably produce some good effect. But the danger is that the Viceroy's Court will become merely a focus of the opinion of Sicilian "Society"—which knows little or nothing of the state of the Sicilian masses, and is the gravest obstacle to all reform.

For some time there have been frequent rumours of another crisis in Servia. The fall of the present Coalition Ministry has been freely prophesied, as also its reconstruction, whether in a distinctly Progressist or distinctly Liberal form. This by itself is not of special interest, but it would open the way to further changes of a very extensive kind. Liberals and Progressists alike are but small minorities of the population, and the Radicals, who are far the strongest party, are said to be expecting a speedy return to power, which would, no doubt, be attended with considerable disorder. It has even been rumoured that a secret convention has just been renewed with Austria-Hungary, providing for a military occupation in case of any disturbance—an occupation in which the Servian army would be considered to form part of the Austrian forces; and it is reported by a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* that King Alexander proposes to abdicate in favour of his deposed father. Nothing definite has yet happened; but it is not improbable that something will. However, a disturbance in Servia is a good deal less likely to reopen the Eastern question now than it was two years ago.

There is every reason to suppose that the Bulgarian General Election next month, like the local elections which have just taken place, will strengthen the present *régime*. M. Stambuloff is experiencing the proverbial ingratitude of peoples towards fallen statesmen—which, it must be said, he has done much to deserve. His severities are violently denounced by his late colleagues; his house is protected by the police. Bulgaria is, after all, strong enough to dispense with his methods, though its Government does not yet feel itself sufficiently secure to permit M. Zankoff's return.

When we claimed last week for the new American tariff the merit of effecting reductions in such a way as to set all the protected interests quarrelling, it was not known that the inconsistencies generated by the greatest series of compromises on record had been considerably increased by the printers of the Bill. When we learn that the text now contains from fifty to a hundred printers' errors, which it is too late to alter, that a number of articles have got on the wrong lists, and that in particular it involves a loss of many millions of dollars a year on alcohol, we can only congratulate the Senate on its effective illustration of the futility of tariff legislation in adjusting the claims of different protected interests.

This week has seen the usual series of Anarchist alarms, which—partly no doubt because it is the dead season—take up a considerable space in the Continental Press. A plot, or two plots, against the life of the French Premier, great migrations to England and to America, and extensive arrests in Berlin, have been the chief items of the news. These arrests, according to part of the Opposition Press, have been made simply to emphasise the necessity of some further anti-Anarchist legislation, which, as it would doubtless involve restrictions on the right of public meeting, is strongly opposed by Liberals and Socialists. If undertaken at all, it will probably be by State, and not Imperial, legislation. The American Anti-Anarchist Bill has been shelved owing to the action of a single member of Congress, who has an old-fashioned but refreshing dread of giving too much power to the officers of government. In France two of the Departmental Councils in session this week have denounced the new Anti-Anarchist law; but the majority have given it their cordial approval.

The marked alteration in the state of Europe during the last year or two is illustrated by the hopeful tone of the important article just published by the semi-official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* on the relations of Germany and France. The latter Power, we are told, has abandoned the hostile spirit with which she viewed all German action for so many years after the war of 1870; in Africa, especially, a good understanding has been found to conduce to the interests of both; it has even been said by the *Figaro* that the Triple Alliance has ceased to be a menace to France. No doubt the change is correctly estimated: and it is welcome. The misfortune is that it sets free a certain amount of French Chauvinism to spend its force on some other object. And in view of the many regions in which there may be friction between us and France, it is extremely likely that that object will be perfidious Albion.

LITERATURE.

We notice elsewhere, in some of its political and prophetic aspects, Mr. Curzon's most valuable and timely work ("Problems of the Far East." Longmans). We ought, however, in this place to say a few words on its literary interest. Mr. Curzon's earlier public appearances displayed a certain exuberance of verbosity which was not altogether stimulating. The present work is an admirable example of compression, or, rather, of judicious selection. There is plenty of humour in it, a good deal of anecdote, and some really striking descriptions of travel and cities—notably of Seoul and Peking. (Seoul, by the way, he directs us to pronounce as an Irishman pronounces his immortal part.) Japan he has wisely abstained from describing in the ordinary manner; but we do not know that we have hitherto seen anything as to one notable fact he brings out—the prevalence of European architecture in the public buildings of its capital. Mr. Curzon was known to his more intimate friends at Oxford as a man of varied promise. This book, which is one of a series dealing with Eastern problems, of which his work on Persia was the first, is an admirable instalment of performance.

OBITUARY.

COLONEL GEORGE BROOKE MEARES had had some experience of Indian frontier warfare, but was best known as Commandant of the Kneller Hall School for training military bandsmen.—Mr. Wyatt Papworth, curator of Sir John Soane's Museum and a former master of the Clothworkers' Company, had made valuable contributions to the literature of architecture and given valuable aid in the promotion of technical education in London.—M. E. Masqueray, a member of the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, was known as a specialist in the languages and antiquities of the Arabs and Berbers of North Africa.—M. Aubaret was an Orientalist of considerable linguistic attainments, who had held several posts in the French consular service and done diplomatic work of some value.—Baron Mundy was a popular and lavish Vienna philanthropist, who had in particular taken a leading part in promoting ambulance work.

MINISTERS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS.

IT would be easy to exaggerate the importance of the struggle which took place on Monday night between the Government and a section of its followers. The Irish members, supported by English, Scotch, and Welsh Radicals, made a remarkable demonstration. But there was no feeling of hostility to Ministers underlying it, nor is there any reason to suppose that the loyalty which has been so remarkable a characteristic of the Liberal party in the present Parliament has disappeared. What the demonstration really meant was that the majority of the supporters of the Government are anxious to learn that their leaders are in full sympathy with them on that which is, undoubtedly, the most important question now before the country. Nor was this all that the incident meant. Day by day the Tory press has been repeating the assurance that the feeling with regard to the House of Lords which found expression at the Leeds Conference was a mere pretence. Contempt has been poured upon it by Lord Salisbury himself, and his followers have given loud-mouthed utterance to the same sentiment. Meanwhile Ministers have preserved a reticence which may or may not have been judicious, but which was certainly discouraging to a very large section of their party, whilst some of the most important organs of Liberal opinion in the country have shown a curious apathy on this particular question that has not tended to reassure the Radicals. In these circumstances it may well have been that the men who walked through the lobbies for hours on Monday night, to record their votes against their own leaders, thought that it was necessary before the session closed to do something to convince both the Government and the Opposition that they at least are thoroughly in earnest. That, we take it, is the true meaning of an incident which was without precedent in the history of the present Parliament. Nor are we disposed to blame those who took part in the demonstration. To many good Liberals and earnest supporters of the Government, besides the Radical members who revolted on Monday, it has seemed that a real necessity existed for bringing home to the minds of our leaders the strength of the feeling which possesses the party on the subject of the House of Lords. Our correspondent "An Old Radical," whose communication we print elsewhere, writing before the incident of Monday took place, clearly indicated that it was at hand. Ministers have carried their caution to a point at which it has been misunderstood by some of the most loyal members of their party. We firmly believe that the impression it has made upon the minds of Radicals like Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Cobb is not a correct one. We do not for a moment suppose that the members of the Government are in any degree less impressed by the need for asserting the predominance of the House of Commons in the control of the affairs of the nation than the bulk of their followers. But they have no right to complain—they ought rather to rejoice—that the Radicals, having misinterpreted their silence, have taken steps to make their own sentiments known. Monday's outbreak can only have done good if it has convinced Lord Rosebery and his colleagues that the Leeds Conference was no clever piece of machine-made political strategy, but an honest representation of the true opinions of the party.

Nor must we forget the special case of the Irish members. Amid much abuse from their enemies, and, we must admit, amid a good deal of suspicion on the part of their own friends in Ireland, they have for two sessions given an unwavering support to the Government. Again and again they have been more Royalist than the King, and have backed up Ministers when many of their British followers had fallen away from them. What have they got in return? They have got the fullest assurance of the loyalty of the Government to the cause of Ireland. That in itself might be sufficient if all Irishmen possessed the political instincts and knowledge of Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Healy, or Mr. Dillon and Mr. Sexton. But we know that behind these gentlemen stands a nation, not instructed in politics, not acquainted with the intricacies of the English Constitution, but oppressed by a sense of ancient wrong, and burning with a desire for the removal of practical grievances. What have the Irish leaders to show to the electors of Ireland as the practical result of their two years' alliance with the Government? Not a single legislative measure of real importance. The Irish members carefully refrain from blaming Ministers for this melancholy issue of two years' work. But can we blame them because they turn with a passionate intensity of hatred to the real authors of the legislative *fiasco*? Have we any right to feel surprised because they are anxious to lead the attack against that House which has wrecked the hopes of Ireland in the present Parliament, which is the enemy of progress and reform in every part of the United Kingdom, but which is emphatically, and above all, the avowed and unreasoning enemy of Ireland? When we recall these facts we shall have no reason to wonder that in Monday's outburst the Irish members played so conspicuous a part.

We have not the slightest wish to interfere with that freedom of choice which every Government has a right to enjoy in the methods by which it seeks to carry out its policy, the when and the how of its proceedings. But even the wisest and most astute tacticians may sometimes make a mistake when they fail to take into account the common characteristics of human nature. It is not enough that a general should be able to circumvent his foe; he must also be able to inspire his followers with that full confidence which alone can make victory certain. Speaking with diffidence, we are forced to admit that in this respect there may be some room for improvement in the policy of the Government. It should take account not only of the weaknesses of its opponents, but of those of its supporters, and it ought, as far as it can, to give no excuse for any outbreak of impatience like that of last Monday. As for those arguments in favour of continued reticence and delay which are based upon the possibilities of a comparatively remote future, upon what may or may not be done

next session or in the session that is to follow it, we confess that we place little value upon them. Of what use is it, for example, to call upon the Welsh members to bear in mind that their Disestablishment Bill will be brought in next session, if they will only continue to exercise sufficient patience, when they know, without being told, that the Bill, by whatever majority it may pass the House of Commons, will most certainly be rejected by the House of Lords? Gambetta, when he led the people of France to their splendid victory in 1877, showed the true instincts of the statesman when, sweeping aside all smaller issues, he concentrated the attention of his fellow-countrymen upon Clericalism alone as the great enemy they had to fight. All the enemies of freedom, all the friends of reaction, had sheltered themselves behind the rampart of the priesthood; and knowing this, Gambetta, with the cry *Voila! l'ennemi!* led his followers straight to the attack, upon the one citadel which was really worth attacking. The House of Lords is our enemy to-day—the enemy of all that Liberalism contends for, of all that it means and includes. No one is so foolish as to call upon the Government to state at once how it means to attack our common foe. No one has the right to interfere with its freedom of action in Parliament. But before the battle that lies before us can be won, a great work of agitation and enlightenment must be accomplished in the country. Public opinion must be instructed and led, and for such instruction and leading we look rightly, in the first instance, to those who stand at the head of our party, whom that party has placed in possession of power, and in whom it has reposed an almost unlimited confidence. The Parliamentary struggle is for the present at an end, and Ministers and their followers will alike have breathing-time before they meet again. But the opportunity which is furnished by the recess ought certainly to be employed not so much to convince the Liberals of the United Kingdom that their leaders are absolutely at one with them in their determination to secure in future Parliaments the unquestioned predominance of the Representative Chamber, as to breathe into the soul of the party that inspiration which only a leader can supply.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

THE incidental remark in Lord Salisbury's speech last week as to the possibility of the House of Commons sharing the fate of the House of Lords, supposing the latter were to die, has moved an estimable weekly contemporary to a serious discussion of the problem thus hinted at. The *Spectator*, with the utmost gravity, thinks that there is a great deal in Lord Salisbury's rhetorical gibe, and that, after all, if the House of Lords were to go, it would be quite possible that the House of Commons might have to follow it into the limbo of obsolete institutions. We confess that we were not prepared to see the importance of the House of Lords magnified to this degree even in the intellectual organ of the Liberal Unionists. If Lord Salisbury were in earnest in his remark, he manifestly must have meant that the House of Lords actually protected the House of Commons—that the plebeian Chamber was safe only so long as it dwelt in the shadow of the aristocratic Chamber, as the cottage of the peasant used in old times to nestle at the foot of the castle of his lord. There is no need to demonstrate the absurdity of this idea when it is stated thus crudely. But it will certainly be of interest to trace, as far as we can, the train of thought which led Lord Salisbury to indulge in this grotesque paradox. Probably he was thinking of the time when the Peers were in very truth the defenders of the people—their defenders, that is to say, against any other power than their own. Baron and Commoner once stood together against the King, and by their united strength wrested from him the rights which he would have denied them. But the conditions are changed. The Peers, as the price of the services they thus rendered to the Commonalty, obtained possession of an enormous number of special privileges, exercised at the expense of the people. The tyranny of an oligarchy was substituted for the tyranny of the throne; and so cleverly was this new form of oppression devised, so deeply was it rooted in the Constitution, that it still remains in a more or less formidable shape, and we are suffering to this very hour from the injustice it inflicts upon us. The House of Commons, if we may judge by the sentiments of its members, means to submit to this injustice no longer. The Peers have been paid a thousandfold for any services which their fathers rendered to us in the past, and they must now consent to forego such of their privileges as are clearly incompatible with the freedom of the nation and the development of those principles which now govern the world. This is the situation Lord Salisbury was discussing last week in his speech on the Evicted Tenants Bill, and it was in reference to it that he uttered the almost inconceivable ineptitude we have quoted regarding the House of Commons. For the moment he had forgotten that he was living in the nineteenth century. He had forgotten such features of modern life as household suffrage, the ballot-box, and the daily newspaper. In his dreaming of dreams he had wandered back to the days of King John and Runnymede.

What danger could possibly threaten the House of Commons supposing the House of Lords were to be—not abolished, for no serious politician proposes that, but deprived of the power it now possesses for thwarting the will of the representative Chamber? Is it the danger of the substitution of an autocratic for a Constitutional monarchy? Surely not. Lord Salisbury, who has a lively imagination, and who in his youth, as he has just told us, delighted in the romances of Sir Walter Scott, may possibly at idle moments figure himself as the champion of a new despot—a wholly benevolent despot we need hardly say—in whose hands the British Constitution may melt away like wax, and force become once more the sole arbiter in the affairs of men. But nobody knows better than he does that the dream is but a dream; that we cannot go back even to the days of George the Third or the principles of "the glorious revolution" of 1688, much less to the times of Stuart or Tudor. It is not on this side that any danger threatens the House of Commons, nor do we suppose for a moment that Lord Salisbury thought it was. That which he clearly dreads is the inrushing tide of democracy, the growing ascendancy of the "new spirit" in politics, the triumph of revolutionary ideas in our social and national life. No wise man will make light of the many signs and portents which abound all around us, and bid us take note of the fact that we are on the verge of another era. Nor have we any want of sympathy with those who, feeling the possible dangers of the future, are anxious to the best of their power to secure some safeguard against them. But where, among all the dangers which men dread, does this danger to the House of Commons come in? Lord Salisbury himself will admit that the triumph of democracy, of which he is so desperately afraid, means nothing more than the triumph of the nation. But in the future, still

more fully than in the past, the House of Commons will be the representative of the nation, its very voice and embodiment. And the more fully it becomes this, the more completely will it be free from that risk which the Tory leader predicts for it. To suppose that a democratic Chamber, freely elected by the people, will be unable to stand by itself if it has not a privileged Chamber which represents nothing but itself to lean upon is ridiculous. It would be as true and as wise to say that the monument relied for support upon the shadow that it casts upon the pavement. The view of the true reformer and true Liberal is that public opinion must be the governing power in a free country. That public opinion must, of course, be exercised under the law—just as both kings and nobles had to exercise their rights in the past within the limits of the *Magna Charta*. But, subject to the law which protects the liberties of the individual and of society, the more freely public opinion can make itself felt, the more unfettered it becomes in its action, the better it will be for the community as a whole, and the better for the Chamber through which it works its will.

It is too soon, however, to enter seriously into the discussion of those abstract questions which Lord Salisbury's random remark suggests. No serious person, as we have said, now proposes even to go so far as to abolish the House of Lords. The only movement that has been taken up in earnest by any political party is the movement for the abolition of the veto—a very different thing. We are quite willing to leave the House of Lords to be a check upon the hasty or unconsidered action of the nation. We are ready to continue to it the right of revising the measures adopted by the House of Commons, and of suggesting any alterations that may seem to it to be in the nature of improvements. But we are not willing to give it what it now claims—the right, whenever it pleases, to override the will of the nation as represented by the House of Commons. Above all, Liberal electors are resolved that they will no longer allow every Liberal measure to be at the absolute mercy of a body which, to all intents and purposes, is nothing more than a Tory caucus bent upon serving the interests only of its own order and its own party. We are told by some who profess to speak on behalf of the Liberal party that, after all, this country is not so badly off, in the matter of a Second Chamber, as America is. The people who use this argument, apparently for the purpose of calming the impatience of Liberals at the present condition of affairs, entirely ignore the dominant fact in the situation. Whatever may be the faults of the United States Senate, it is, at any rate, free from that statue-like immobility which is the chief feature of the House of Lords. It is not the sworn ally of one political party. Democratic for a season, it becomes ere long Republican. It belongs, in fact, to both political parties, and neither can claim a monopoly of it. This is the reason why it has stood so long, despite its manifold defects. But the House of Lords has surrendered itself body and soul to a particular political party, and has become the willing and subservient tool of that party, in whose interests alone its vast but obsolete privileges are employed. This is the fact which differentiates it from the United States Senate. This is its crowning sin as one of the political institutions of the country; and we have only to consider it in the light of this, its most remarkable characteristic, in order to realise the puerile folly of Lord Salisbury's attempt to link its fate with that of the House of Commons, which, changing from year to year, at least represents with substantial fidelity all phases of the national life.

IS THIS THE LAST LONG VACATION?

THE title of this article is not ours. A long experience has taught us how many slips come between the cup and the lip of the reformer, and makes us hesitate to believe that any abuse will in this conservative land be readily abolished. The words, and the hope which they convey, are those of our reckless contemporary the *Times*. Perhaps it is because they have striven for so few reforms that the authorities of Printing House Square are unduly sanguine about the achievement of the one which they desire. But if it is really true that the legal Long Vacation is to be abolished, we shall begin to be more hopeful about the speedy despatch of the House of Lords.

The High Courts in this country, we may remind the unlearned, rise on the 12th of August, and do not sit again until the 24th of October. This is not the only holiday enjoyed by Her Majesty's judges. They have twenty-one days' rest at Christmas, thirteen days at Easter, and ten days at Whitsuntide. Adding the seventy-two days of the Long Vacation, there are thus one hundred and sixteen whole holidays in the legal year. As the judges do not, when in London, sit for more than five hours a day, they are certainly not overworked. The sittings of the courts in London are, we believe, later and shorter than in any other civilised country. In the United States most courts begin at nine and rise at five. Even allowing a due time for the preparation of considered judgments, the English judges' hours of labour cannot exceed an average of five hours a day all the year round. We should not grudge this ample leisure to the distinguished lawyers who are enjoying a semi-retirement in the service of the State if it did not involve serious loss and inconvenience to the general community. But the loss, both to the legal profession and to the litigant, is incontestible. For two months and a half in the summer-time, legal redress for the larger wrongs or breaches of contract is practically stayed. If a neighbour builds a house right up against your windows, you may get an injunction from the vacation judge, after showing that the application is urgent, but if there is any nice question of law involved the judge will probably save himself the trouble of deciding it by suggesting that at this time of year no man can have any urgent need to live in his own house. You may issue a writ in vacation, and even get judgment in an undefended action, but if your antagonist has a ghost of a defence you can proceed no further. No pleadings can be delivered in the Long Vacation, unless directed by the Court or a judge. Time in the Long Vacation, in the delicious phrase of lawyers, does not run for purposes of pleading. Thus a man who is wronged in the month of July has an appreciably worse chance of obtaining redress than a man who is wronged in December. The wrong-doer in July may be served with writ and statement of claim together, supposing great alacrity in the plaintiff's solicitor, on the third of August, but he need not even put in his formal defence until the end of October. Many wrong-doers find the delay useful for the purpose of defeating justice. There was a time, not so very long ago, when the block in the courts was such that a few months' delay more or less did not much matter. But now that the new rules and the new Chief Justice and the vanishing of suitors have cleared away arrears, the ordinary process of action in term time is tolerably swift, and the gap in the legal year has become more apparent. What is the use of having "continuous sittings" in London if the continuity is broken by a vacuum of nearly three months?

The loss to the legal profession, if less a matter

of public concern, is even more disastrous than the loss to the public. Very few people live by litigating, but some unhappy men have to try to make a living as solicitors and barristers. The day is long gone by when even ten per cent. of the practising barristers could afford to take three months' holiday in the year. From leading Queen's Counsel to humble juniors, they are very glad to shorten their holiday if they can, for a holiday is expensive in two ways: one earns nothing and one spends a great deal. There are some forms of legal work to be obtained in long vacation. There is much less conveyancing than there used to be, and less company-drafting than a few years ago. But some deeds and other drafts still need to be settled by counsel. Opinions trickle in slowly in September. There are summonses in Chambers or motions to be made in the Vacation Court. There are a few arbitrations, and there are licensing sessions, with appeals in October. These things lure many men to endure the tortures of Chancery Lane at a time when, as a 'bus-conductor is reported to have profanely said, it is like hell with the fire out! Time was when young men gained new clients in September because their seniors were in the country. Is there not a story about Lord Cairns getting his first big work because he was in town on a Saturday afternoon late in August? But nowadays the seniors have a way of being within call, at Margate or Brighton, even if they think it beneath their dignity to wait in Chambers in the Temple.

If the truth were to be told, it would probably be found that the junior who makes a fair income at big business is the man of all others who would like to have the vacation shortened. In plain fact, the Bar cannot afford as long a holiday as in our fathers' day. It cannot afford it because it earns less in term-time, and will earn less year by year unless the courts are ready at all times to serve out justice to all comers.

We agree with the *Times* in thinking that no half-measures will avail. Palliatives, like the delivery of pleadings in vacation, might be useful, but cannot be sufficient. The Judicature Act directed in 1893 that provision should be made by rules of court for the hearing during vacation of applications to the Court of Appeal which required to be immediately or promptly heard. For twenty-one years the Rule Committee has ignored the imperative "shall" of the statute, and it would be useless now to press to have the rules made. All applications nowadays require to be promptly heard. Legal business can prosper under no other conditions. Lord Russell is to act as vacation judge during the second half of the vacation, and will have an opportunity of seeing how little use there is in the present Vacation Court. The Long Vacation was shortened by a fortnight by Order in Council in 1883, and there is no good cause why it should not be made to end a month sooner by Order in Council in 1895.

THE FUTURE OF THE FAR EAST.

THE war in Corea, whatever its ultimate issue, is beginning to be regarded as a "moment" in a long process of which a new phase is just opening. In this aspect it belongs primarily to that widest and most exacerbated aspect of the Eastern Question—the perpetual rivalry of England and Russia in the struggle for empire, which there is reason to hope may eventually take an amicable form. We have not yet heard much of it in relation to the western shores of the Pacific. But with the Russian frontier, as a French paper has just reminded us, only twenty-two and a half kilometres from Corean territory; with Russian patriots calling for an available Pacific port and Pacific commerce, and with the great Siberian railway, now in process of construction, to fulfil their hopes, it is easy to see that the eventual result may be a Russian protectorate, which will bring Russia nearer the realisation of her alleged designs on China, and by-and-by facilitate an absorption of Japan as well. But there is a wider question, with which this possible rivalry of England and Russia in a new sphere has not necessarily very much to do. What will be the future of civilisation on the Asiatic coast of the Pacific? Will Russia, with her genius for absorbing peoples, absorb these, who are, after all, not so very far beneath her in civilisation, or will China, as the late Dr. C. H. Pearson maintained, become a civilised, well-organised, conquering state? or will part of the task of civilising fall to Japan, which has risen with startling rapidity to the position of a candidate for admission into the family of nations? Prophecy is hazardous in any case, but in these wide questions it is a good deal easier than when the answers required are more detailed, and is rather less likely to be wrong. Mr. Curzon's new book,* which is published this week, is primarily not sociology, but travel. But its aspect as a book of travels is, after all, subsidiary. The chapters on travel are good and well illustrated. There is plenty of information, and no little literary skill and humour; there is an admirably impartial estimate of mission work, and plenty of interesting information bearing upon the problems of to-day. The work is, no doubt, of great immediate interest; but its main interest is in its prophecy.

Of Corea, the battle-ground and prize of the present struggle, we hear much—of its history both under Japanese and Chinese dominion; of its present position, a synthesis of contradictions—at once nominally independent and really tributary; recognised as a sovereign state, yet under a joint protectorate; subject to China, exploited by Japan, and an admirable and not unworked field for Russian intrigue. But a wider interest and value attaches to Mr. Curzon's account of Japan, and a greater importance still to his estimate of China. Japan suffers from a paper Constitution which is both doctrinaire and eclectic. It reproduces the characteristics of the Prussian and Danish systems with singular fidelity; it generates, in consequence, those constitutional struggles which we have seen in Prussia thirty years ago, and which we see in Denmark now. During the three years and a half of its existence Japan has undergone three general elections. In time it will arrive at a more serious political life and at responsible Parliamentary government. Meanwhile, its difficulties have forced its Ministers to recover their popularity by foreign war. The introduction of semi-Parliamentary government into a country which is still so largely feudal and, in its lower strata, archaic, has brought about manifold friction and danger. But of the future of Japan, nevertheless, Mr. Curzon is clear. She means to be the Britain of the East. In industrial development, in naval power, she takes England as her model. Even now her cotton manufactures are beating Bombay goods in eastern Asia. At no distant date she will be admitted into the family of nations. But from her size—Mr. Curzon appears to think—the future is not with her.

Is it then with China? On this subject Mr. Curzon, speaking with the authority of an observer and a practical politician, contemns the alarmist view taken by the late Dr. C. H. Pearson. It will be remembered that that author predicted a time

* "Problems of the Far East: Japan, Korea, China." By the Right Hon. G. Curzon, M.P. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

when China, vastly increased in population and advanced in civilisation, would not only have overrun the tropical regions of the earth, but would be able to march by easy stages across Europe and dictate her own terms. Mr. Curzon brings forward excellent reasons to the contrary. The Chinese do indeed overrun the tropics, but they seem there to be the Germans of the East, if not its Jews—Germans, we mean, before the old days of German unity. They come—to a great extent—to stay; they find wives in the lands of their adoption; their progeny are hybrid in sympathies as in race; and while they get the trade into their hands, they have no politics or political aspirations, and seem to require British rule to attain their fullest success. They do not return home, because at home they are insecure. Their country is cursed by an effete, incompetent, and corrupt official hierarchy. It is a mere congeries of detached provinces. Despite its European officers, the navy has no unit of organisation, and the army is a mere "rabble of tramps." The outlying provinces cannot be held without strategic railways; and of the need of these Chinese statesmen generally have no conception. Nor is there really any evidence in the recent history of China of her military strength. China may possibly be reformed; but Mr. Curzon apparently regards the reform as practically hopeless. Success in the present war, we may add, will hardly affect the matter. It will only stereotype the confidence of the bureaucracy, and wipe out the civilising influence of Japan. Complete failure may very well resolve the Middle Kingdom into its elements. Held together as it is chiefly by a corrupt officialdom and a mysterious and unseen Emperor, its bonds will be easily loosed.

To whom, then, will the future fall? Mr. Curzon is confident that England has the best chance. All over the Far East, Englishmen are first in commerce; there alone are new markets to be found; they alone attain conspicuous success in dealing with the native races and administering their Government, and have officials trained for the task. England has ample capital to lend; the English language is becoming the medium of intercourse even between Chinese of different provinces. Our policy is, not to conquer China, but to strengthen her against Russia, to gain her confidence, and when she asks for assistance, to give it freely. Outside her borders her citizens prosper under British rule. It is not wholly impossible that some day she may turn to us for aid. Already her Customs service is in the hands of Englishmen; may they not at her own request come to undertake the rest of the work of governing her as well?

It is extremely difficult to criticise fairly a view so stimulating to the best and justest form of our national pride. There is a good deal, undoubtedly, to prevent its realisation. Not much, it would seem, in spite of the heroic efforts of the missionaries, is to be hoped from them in the way of conciliation. Their work is militant and, naturally enough, antipathetic to all the prejudices which stereotype Chinese isolation. They only intensify those prejudices; which, in any case, can only be removed with the removal of the present governing class. How this removal is to come to pass we confess we do not see. Ingrained as conceit of itself is in the Chinese mind, it can disappear only, if at all, after vast internal revolution, promoted, it may be, by prolonged Russian aggression. At any rate, the structure of China is a security against her appearance as an organised conquering Power overrunning Europe with hordes more terrible than those of Attila, and dictating her own terms to the conquered. Her weakness, as Mr. Curzon shows, is bound up with the national prejudice which maintains her hopelessly decrepit Government. When that Government definitely breaks down, from whatever cause, then will be our opportunity—not as conquerors, but as administrators. Mr. Curzon, with a fondness for Latin quotations which dates at least from his first appearance at the Oxford Union, prefaces his prophecy by an only too familiar passage from Virgil as to the work of the Roman in the world. To us it seems as if the force of circumstances, especially the existence of our Indian Empire, marked us out for the work of administration and guardianship rather than conquest. In Egypt, in India, in Borneo and Singapore, perhaps some day in China, our work is rather to protect the population during its minority than to "spare the submissive and reduce the proud." We do not believe that their minority is permanent. But in China at any rate the emergence of the people from it is indefinitely remote.

CROMWELL AT WESTMINSTER.

WHEN Mr. Herbert Gladstone announced on Monday that provision would be made in next year's Estimates for a statue of Cromwell to be erected in the Palace of Westminster, those people who do not know their Carlyle were mildly surprised to learn that among the numerous statues which adorn or disfigure that building there was none to be found of the great champion of Parliament against the Throne. But on second thoughts an ingenious person might find reasons for leaving Cromwell alone. For he is one of those historical personages whose memory lends itself pre-eminently to the double-edged moral. If Cromwell saved the British Parliament from the Stuarts, he also had a short way of dealing with Parliaments on his own account. King Charles himself was hardly more ready to "take away that bauble." And since Lord Salisbury is sure to remind us of these things at an early date, let us forestall him with the frank admission that Cromwell's methods of dealing with the Parliaments of the Protectorate are not exactly models for the modern statesman, any more than his methods of dealing with Ireland could be appropriately imitated even by a Unionist Chief Secretary. For Cromwell, as history compels us to admit, laid hands upon "that bauble" no less than four times during the nine years of his rule, and finally ended his days without any Parliament at all. We say nothing of the eviction of the Rump, for its ways might well have turned the stomach of the strictest constitutionalist; but Cromwell, it must be owned, was not more fortunate with the excellently disposed, if rather flighty, Barebones Parliament, and its successor he found it necessary to dissolve after "five lunar months." Again, when his third Parliament fell into collision with the House of Lords, he could find nothing better to do than summarily terminate its existence. Moreover, it must also be acknowledged that he had somewhat arbitrary ways of excluding recalcitrants and other disaffected persons who did not share his opinions about the government of these realms. About a hundred of such stubborn persons were shut out from the first Protectorate Parliament, and nearly as many Republicans and Presbyterians were excluded from the second. Finally, it rests upon his head that he was a breeder of race-horses, and that he revived the House of Lords, having previously lent plausible colour to Lord Salisbury's theory, that if the House of Lords is abolished the House of Commons will quickly follow it. For the Parliament which resolved in 1649 that "whatever is enacted by the Commons has the force of law without the

consent of the House of Lords," and which provided Mr. Labouchere with the terms of his resolution, "that the House of Lords is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished," came itself to an unnatural end at Cromwell's hands in 1653.

So much we hasten to record that no enemy may suppose us ignorant. Far be it from us to attempt in this place to sift the rights and wrongs of those battles long ago. Endless volumes have been written on the subject, and no historical character probably has suffered more from the attempt to read nineteenth century politics into a period where they have no application. What a strong man might do in the seventeenth century to hold his own against jealous extremists on one side and conspiring Royalists on the other is not to be judged by the standards of modern democracy. The achievements of the Protectorate are in any case sufficiently remarkable to earn Cromwell his statue, even if they were all which stood to his credit. But if the Protectorate had been wholly bad, or if Cromwell had died before King Charles, his title to be one of the foremost makers of England would, of course, be indefeasible. That question, indeed, need in these days no longer be argued, but, if any good Radical feels qualms about Cromwell's later career, he may, if he chooses, adopt the theory that, after his visit to Ireland in 1649, Cromwell turned Liberal Unionist, or whatever its equivalent might be in those days. This, we are sure, will furnish a luminous explanation of his subsequent conduct, and the vindication of everything which occurred after that year may be left with confidence to Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire. Thus will all parties take joy in the statue, and, when it comes to be inaugurated, we may have a very interesting series of speeches—Lord Rosebery and Mr. Morley defending him through the Great Rebellion, Mr. Chamberlain taking him up at the point when he went to Ireland, and Lord Salisbury winding up with a brief exposition of his "short ways with Parliaments."

Then will arise the question, At what age shall the statue represent him? In strict justice, possibly, the right plan would be to take all the extant portraits and work them into a composite photograph, the Cromwell of the Rebellion compounded "at various ages" with the Cromwell of the Protectorate. There might be difficulties in this, and the result would perhaps not lend itself easily to sculpture. But in any case the artist will have a somewhat difficult task, if he wishes to please all parties. For let us take two contemporary descriptions by people who had known him and seen him. The first is by Sir Philip Warwick, who describes him as he was in the Long Parliament (from a Royalist point of view, as need hardly be said):—

"He wore a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable; and his eloquence full of fervour. . . . It lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for this gentleman was very much hearkened unto."

The next is from a friend:—

"In body compact and strong, about five feet ten in height, with a head which you might see was a vast treasury of natural parts, with a temper exceeding fiery, but under strong moral restraint, and compassionate even to an effeminate measure. . . . A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was."

All parties, we hope, will manage to compromise upon the latter description, if only we can find the artist who will show us this "large soul" in its "house of clay." For our part, we would not have the sword too much emphasised, for Cromwell the soldier has his monuments in more suitable places than the Houses of Parliament. Let us have Cromwell the civilian, and, if the artist chooses to hint at the homely cloth suit or "the little band not much larger than the collar," it will not be altogether amiss. Thus set up, the statue will be both for edification and warning, and reflective M.P.'s may stand before it and consider how far the Parliament of which they are members, or they themselves as individuals, would perchance have escaped the Protector's scourge.

SOUR GRAPES.

THERE is one member of the front Opposition Bench who claims, or for whom it is claimed, that he is an active and a disinterested friend of Labour. The reputation has the slightest basis, for since Sir John Gorst represented Great Britain at the Berlin Labour Congress we have heard little of him, save in occasional excursions and alarms of a wholly insignificant character. But there sits Sir John, ready for the moment when it may appear profitable to concoct some new Tory bid for the Labour vote; and he is the one man who could do it from that side of the House with any show of decency. It will be easily understood that for one awaiting such a chance the session which closes to-day, and the Parliament which is so much nearer the inevitable end, have brought much chagrin and little comfort. He cannot be, as some behind him appear to be, so silly as to suppose that the substantial achievements of the Government can be drowned in a debauch of obstruction, however violent and prolonged. Ardent Radicals may rage, and cynical Tories may imagine a vain thing; but he must know full well in his heart that amid the ruin of greater enterprises enough remains from this long contest to work a revolution in our social life. That is the worst—or the best—of it. The bitterness of disappointment is to be read between the lines of an article which Sir John contributes to the current *North American Review* under the title "English Workmen and their Political Friends." A pitiful plaint it is, this of the man who left his adversary stronger than he found him; and perhaps it is not inexcusable that, in the hour of our own disappointment and weariness, we should find consolation in the remembrance of the solid gains which have escaped the grasp of Lord Salisbury and his crew of marauders.

For it is something more than disingenuous to say even to a transatlantic audience, as Sir John Gorst does, that the "solitary achievement in social legislation" of the present Government "is a law for regulating the hours of railway servants on a plan drawn up by a Committee of the former House of Commons." Is not the Parish Councils Act, which is to lay a new foundation for British local life, an "achievement in social legislation"? Is not Sir William Harcourt's Finance Bill, which lays a new foundation for British finance, an "achievement in social legislation"? Is the Equalisation of London Rates Bill of no account to the busy millions of the Metropolis? Do such measures as the Railway and Canal Traffic, Merchant Shipping, Merchandise Marks (Prosecutions), Building Societies, Notice of Accidents, Bills, count for nothing in this category? And if to these are not added an Industrial Conciliation Act, an Employers' Liability

Act, a Factory and Workshops Act, a Registration Act, and other measures of social reconstruction, who is responsible? who will be held responsible by the country when the day of judgment comes? whose duty and right will it then be to point to the mutilation of schemes of reform and the prostitution of the procedure of Parliament? These things lie already in complete detail, as a still greater lies in ever clearer outline, before the ultimate court of appeal; and the day cannot be far distant when the shameful talk of a "barren" session by the very men who have done their best to make it barren will be hushed before the wrath of an aroused people.

The best test of what might have been, without Tory obstruction and without a House of Lords, is to be found in the field where the Government have had to meet no such interference. Here, again, Sir John Gorst is something more than disingenuous. "The Radical party," he says, "have tried to hide their failure to legislate by taking party credit for administrative changes in the Home Office and the Board of Trade which their leaders found in progress when they succeeded to the Government." The suggestion is substantially untrue; there is hardly a shadow of ground for it. Mr. Mundella founded the Labour Department, and the work of reconstruction — including the appointment of a *corps* of provincial correspondents, the strengthening of the central staff, and the publication of the *Labour Gazette* — fell naturally to him. The railway servants and merchant seamen have the best reason for thankfulness in the new *régime*. There is something exquisitely humorous in the idea of Mr. Asquith playing understudy to the lost Mr. Matthews. The bold and rapid extension of the special rules for dangerous trades to the manufactures of china and earthenware, chemicals, linen, etc., and of the orders as to outworkers, may conceivably be represented as a continuation, or, at any rate, a development, of Mr. Matthews's action. But the increase of the factory inspectorate, especially by the female appointments, the opening of local offices, and the measures dealing with trade-made disease, accidents, dock-side labour, and "sweating," embodied in the Bill which he has had to withdraw, are Mr. Asquith's own work. The Local Government Board circular on the unemployed and the Blue Book which has lately been the object of an ill-tempered attack by Mr. Drage, the adoption of the eight-hours day and the discouragement of sub-contracting in the naval and military establishments, are other outward and visible signs of the new spirit which has been stirring the dry bones in Whitehall. In brief, the *rapport* so happily inaugurated between reforming Ministers and the practical reformers of the London County Council, the Trade Union Congress, and the Co-operative Union, is a new fact in British politics, and a happy augury which all Sir John Gorst's croaking cannot hide. There still remains to be mentioned in this incomplete list of "social achievements" the pacification of Ireland, which is the personal triumph of Mr. Morley; the task of democratising the magistracy, which has been begun by Lord Herschell and Mr. Bryce; and the series of new developments at the Education Department which have placed Mr. Acland at once in the front rank of living statesmen. And beyond the domain of red-tape altogether is that vast new field of beneficent activity for men of ideas and courage, the industrial market. The dockers of Hull, the London cabbies, the colliers of the Midlands, may be relied upon to teach Sir John Gorst whether Lord Rosebery and his colleagues have only carried on the old traditions.

It is a clear case of sour grapes. The mental destitution of the Tory party Sir John fully admits, and his own as fully demonstrates. His two positive suggestions, a "central clearing-house" for the unemployed and local option in the matter of shorter working hours, are "lifted" without acknowledgment from Mr. Arnold White and Mr. Gladstone. There is something particularly naïve, too, considering the exigent demands put upon Mr. Gladstone before the last election, in the observation that "it is an established principle of the leaders of the Conservative party to make no declaration of policy in Opposition." We cannot plead guilty to any such poverty of ideas. Nor is it true that Liberal "capitalists" are the Parliamentary stumbling-blocks. The party of reform could ill spare its Brights, Brunners, Holdens, Illingworths, McArthurs, Williamsons, Mathers, Newneses, Palmers, Peases, and the rest. The fact is that, if the brewers be included, there are practically as many commercial "capitalists" on the Opposition benches; and behind them is that larger crowd of country squires, retired "gentlemen," and petty aristocrats, who know nothing of the scruples that come of contact with the masses of the people. There, and among their prototypes in the Upper Chamber, lies the difficulty; and when Sir John Gorst goes out of his way, as he here does, to insult the Labour representatives in Parliament, it is easy to see whose cause is really nearest to his heart.

FINANCE.

THE speculation upon the Stock Exchange met with a check early this week. The general investing public has wisely kept aloof, and, therefore, the more far-seeing operators decided that it was time to realise their profits. Their selling caused a general decline. Still, the members of the Stock Exchange continue sanguine, and they are looking for another and an early advance. Possibly it may come; but, in the nature of things, it cannot last, for the buying is purely speculative. That it is so — more particularly in the North and South American departments — is proved by the fact that the rise has been almost confined to securities which yield no interest, and, therefore, are worth simply what speculators choose to estimate them at. It is to be hoped, then, that the public will continue cautious, and will leave the game to be played out by those who have started it. In the United States there is not a sign as yet of any improvement in trade beyond the more hopeful feeling that has suddenly sprung up, and the fact that the traffic returns of some of the railway companies show increases when compared with this time last year. But at this time last year, it will be recollected, the currency crisis was in its acutest stage, and business everywhere was practically paralysed. The small increases, then, mean no more than that matters are not so bad as they were twelve months ago. The prices of commodities are exceptionally low, employment is unusually scarce, wages are falling, and distrust is very general. In South America there are just as few signs of recovery. There are disturbances in Peru, there are rumours of further political difficulties in Brazil, there is depression in Argentina. In Australasia likewise there is no revival, and the crises in Spain and Italy are deepening rather than brightening. But in France, Germany, Austria and Hungary, there is undoubtedly the same sanguine feeling as prevails here at home, and though as yet there has not been as much speculation, the signs point to a considerable revival of activity upon the Bourses as soon as the holiday season is over. The one thing that is in favour of the speculators all over Europe is the unusual abundance and

cheapness of money. Everyone in good credit can borrow at very low rates, and that undoubtedly helps the bold operator. But, though cheap money is a great advantage to him, it may tempt him into rashness for which he will have cause to repent by-and-by. Money is likely to continue cheap for several months to come, for gold is still pouring into the great centres all over Europe, and is likely to be received all through the year. The home trade continues to improve, as is shown by the railway traffic returns; but as yet there is great depression in the foreign trade.

The speculation upon the Stock Exchange has been rapidly followed by a very wild speculation in silver. It is difficult to believe that there is any justification for so great a rise in price as has taken place this week. For instance, business was done on Wednesday at 30¼d. per ounce. An increase in the currency of China and Japan will do very little for the silver market if it is due mainly to warlike operations. Everybody will remember how immense were the purchases of silver by the United States Government, and how, for all that, silver fell month after month and year after year. And yet the United States professed to have adopted a settled policy, whereas the buying for the Far East, if it really takes place, will be merely temporary, and for operations that will result in the waste of both life and wealth. The rise in silver has been accompanied by a very remarkable rise in the purchasing power of the rupee, which, perhaps, is not surprising. The India Council on Wednesday offered, as usual, forty lakhs in bills and telegraphic transfers, and sold the whole amount at about 1s. 1¾d. per rupee. But this rise is probably as speculative as that in silver.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

(Saturday, August 18th, to Friday, August 24th, 1894.)

Saturday.—A lively scene in the House of Commons last night. That strong feeling on the question of the House of Lords which permeates the Liberal party, but the existence of which is apparently ignored by the toadies of the Peers, broke forth in an unexpected manner. To begin with, Mr. McCarthy asked Mr. John Morley what Ministers meant to do after the rejection of the Evicted Tenants Bill, and received the mild reply that they meant to reintroduce it next session. The whirligig of time, again! It is just fourteen years since Mr. Forster was bitterly attacked by that section of the Liberal party with which Mr. Morley was then most closely identified, for having given a similar reply to a question regarding the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. Mr. Forster, we were told by these too ardent Radicals, was bound to resign in consequence of the defeat of his Bill by the House of Lords. Men are wiser now than they were in 1880, and nobody now suggests that the rejection of the Evicted Tenants Bill has made Mr. Morley's resignation necessary. Still, there is a very curious specimen of the irony of fate in the fact that history should be repeating itself in this fashion. Of course, Mr. Morley's reply no more satisfied the ardent Radicals last night than Mr. Forster's reply satisfied the "ultras" in 1880. So Mr. Cobb was put up to demand some more explicit declaration from Sir William Harcourt, a demand with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer refused to comply; then Mr. Healy took advantage of the vote for the service of the House of Lords to attack the Upper Chamber through the purse, and his motion was only defeated by a majority of nine. Foolish persons like the Tory leader-writers may gibe and jeer at these incidents and profess to regard them as being of no account. But they *are* of account, and of very serious account, too. They indicate in an unmistakable fashion the present temper of the rank-and-file of the Liberal party. That there is a feeling of uneasiness among Radicals at the absence of any direct action on the part of Ministers in connection with the movement for abolishing the antiquated "privileges" of the Peers is undeniable. I certainly think that hitherto this feeling has been an unreasonable one. Ministers are entitled to a wide discretion in choosing the moment for attacking an enemy so powerful as that now arrayed against them. But if raw haste would be in this case "half-sister to delay," there is a caution which comes perilously near to cowardice; and further doubts or hesitation on the part of the Government will unquestionably dissatisfy their followers of all classes. It will certainly never do to leave the question of the veto hung up in its present position, until the Evicted Tenants Bill has again been introduced, and has again been kicked out by the Clanricardes and Salisburys. If Ministers are not prepared to take the first tentative steps for dealing with the question of the Peers by legislation at the opening of next session, they must at least be prepared to make that session a fighting one against the House of Lords, and, if they are to do this, it will be necessary that during the coming recess they should let us see clearly what is in their minds upon that subject. In short, if they do not make the movement against the veto their own, they will cause a fatal sense of discouragement to spread among their followers. All this is patent to those who know what is going on in the ranks of active Liberalism in different parts of the country, and it is highly necessary that it should be set frankly before Ministers themselves.

Monday.—The sands are running quickly from the glass, and the signs of the coming end of political activity, so far as London is concerned, are everywhere visible. Here in club-land they are closing the clubs one after the other, and the pavement of Pall Mall is a desert, even in the afternoon. The few men left at the Travellers, the Reform, and the Carlton spend their time in wondering at the queer kind of "taste" which is converting the sober Athenæum into something resembling a bride-cake. As for Westminster—well, there is room and to spare in the corridors and lobbies; and the terrace, even when the sun shines of an afternoon, which is but rarely, is almost empty. —The double election at Leicester—an almost unique event—is being much talked of, and people are regretting the loss of so sturdy a Radical as Mr. Picton in particular. Mr. Gane's retirement from East Leeds had been expected for some time. Poor fellow! he has been a martyr for years to a combination of physical ills sufficient to wreck the strongest nerves. I see that some wise Tory prints are founding blissful anticipations as to the result of the next East Leeds election on the fact that a Tory was returned for the division in the short Parliament of 1885. They forget that it was the Irish votes which then won the seat for the Tory party. It is hardly likely that the Irish electors will give their support at the next election to Lord Salisbury and the House of Peers.—A friend who has just returned from Hawarden gives me the most encouraging account of Mr. Gladstone's health. Even his eye is now regaining strength, and with the help of a powerful glass he can read even small print through it. He is recovering his old vivacity too, and is full of interest in all that is passing in the outer world.—To-day's question by Mr. Cobb to the Chancellor of the Exchequer is awaited with interest, but nobody expects that Sir William Harcourt will have anything special to say in reply. Yet the feeling is now universal even among the more Conservative members of the Government and the Liberal party that "something must be done" with the House of Lords.

Tuesday.—There was a scene in the House last night, the significance of which is hardly likely to be lost even upon the dullest of politicians. The theory which is fashionable in certain quarters and, apparently, in certain journals in London, that nobody is really in earnest with regard to the House of Lords, and that it would be dangerous for Ministers to commit themselves to any forward movement on that subject, received a shock that it can scarcely survive. For many weeks past I have had to refer to this mistaken theory in this place, and to warn Ministers against giving any heed to it. Last night Sir William Harcourt, answering Mr. Cobb, who inquired the intentions of Ministers with regard to the House of Lords, made one of those soothing replies that may mean much or nothing at all. For the moment the incident passed over; but the anger and irritation among the Radicals and Irish Members were plainly evident. The flames broke out after midnight, when, Supply having been finished, it was proposed to postpone the Report stage until to-day. The Radicals were resolved, however, to make the Report the occasion of another demonstration against the House of Lords, and for the first time since the present Government was formed they broke into open and fierce revolt against the Ministry. There was no mistaking what was in their minds. Irishmen, Welshmen, Scotchmen, and English Radicals banded together to demand action by the Government on the question of the Lords. Of course, the numbers taking part in the debate were small, and Ministers, by their own strength, and that of a few faithful allies, were able to outvote them. But there was a grim significance in the way in which the battle was waged that cannot be ignored. It was the first open breach between the Government and its supporters. The discipline and loyalty which have been shown so steadfastly during the two sessions had at last been strained to breaking-point. The Irish took the leading part in the struggle, and there was a bitterness in Mr. Sexton's tone that was ominous of the future in our party relations. But, as I have said, all sections were represented in the party which for several hours waged war upon the Ministerial proposals. In the end Sir William Harcourt had to supplement his meagre statement of the afternoon by a definite declaration of the resolve of Ministers to act upon the views they have publicly held regarding the Lords; though he claimed for them the right to choose their own moment for acting. This is satisfactory, and it did something to appease the English and Scotch Radicals; but the Irishmen were still bitterly angry, and when the House at last adjourned, in the full light of day, there was still plenty of passion smouldering in the hearts of Members. Here is the situation, which for the moment I note without comment. Perhaps against this sudden and significant storm, portending far more than appears upon the surface, it would be well to set the banalities of the *Times* leader-writer this morning, when he congratulates Sir William Harcourt upon not having told Mr. Cobb "what he and his colleagues will be perfectly ready to confess to each other," that the attempt to get up an agitation against the Lords would be absurd; or the bland announcement in a provincial paper that two more years of life remain for the present Parliament. One may perhaps hardly be surprised that journalists are so apt to miss the realities of the situation. We are outsiders, and at the best can see but in part. But it is a serious business when statesmen—the men who are nearest to the heart and core of affairs—are blind to those realities.

Wednesday.—The after-effects of the storm of Monday night were very perceptible yesterday in political circles. The newspapers, curiously enough, seemed to have missed the "true inwardness" of the affair, and even the evening journals had little to say upon the subject. But among the Liberal M.P.'s remaining in town there was much excitement and some passion. Ministers were, not unnaturally, very angry at the risk to which they had been exposed by the action of their friends. No doubt the attempt to settle the House of Lords by cutting off the salaries of its officials was an absurd one. Moreover, if Mr. Healy's resolution had been carried, either on Friday or on Monday, we should have been forthwith involved in a very serious Constitutional crisis, and an immediate dissolution would have been rendered necessary. Ministers, therefore, have some reason for being angry at the perilous tactics adopted by their followers in revolt. But it is clear that the object of the mutineers has the sympathy of the majority of Liberals in Parliament. It was not a demonstration against the Ministry, but against the House of Lords, and its immediate purpose was to convince Lord Rosebery and his colleagues that the Radical party is in earnest on this question, and will not tolerate any policy of shilly-shally. So far, I fancy, the promoters of the revolt have achieved their purpose. The Cabinet which was held yesterday had, of course, no connection with the scene of a few hours previously. It was called to settle the terms of the Queen's Speech, which will be submitted to Her Majesty at Osborne to-day or to-morrow. But we may be sure that within the walls of the Cabinet-room a good deal was said about the revolt and its meaning. It is a significant fact, too, that the storm was partially renewed last night—or, rather, this morning—and that Mr. Morley had to make a clear and emphatic statement of his own opinions regarding the Lords before the business of the sitting could be ended. Everybody is glad that the session is now practically over. Indeed, there is some ground for believing that this outbreak of Radical impatience would not have taken place if a longer span of work had stretched before the House of Commons. It was designed to give Ministers food for reflection during the recess. Its true results will become apparent when Lord Rosebery makes his next provincial speech, and when next session begins. In the meantime, it may be said at once that the affair has knocked upon the head the notion—always a rather foolish one—that this Parliament will go on as it is for another couple of sessions. Even if this were desirable—which few men believe—it would be clearly impossible to keep the eager Radicals and Irish Members under restraint for another two years. Next session will have to see the development of the attack on the Lords or the temporary break-up of the Liberal party.—More troubles with an "Independent Labour candidate" at Leicester; and, as usual, the gentleman who is being brought forward as Labour representative is not a labourer, but something else.

Thursday.—The gossips are all agog again, the incidents of the week in the House having set them talking freely. Some of my fellow-gossips in the newspapers, too, have made wonderful discoveries. There was a paragraph in the *Morning* yesterday which gave an account not only of the alleged divisions in the Cabinet on the question of the House of Lords, but of the views which the various members of that august body held. No prudent man will pretend to know Cabinet secrets; but certainly it is difficult to imagine any guesses more ludicrously wide of the mark than those printed in the newspaper of which I speak. A well-known London correspondent of a provincial paper—the *Birmingham Post*—seems rather hurt at the treatment he has received from THE SPEAKER, though I imagine that if any wrong has been done to him it has been quite unconsciously. His statement is that he discovered, by mixing with all classes of Liberal Members some weeks ago, that Lord Rosebery's Premiership was looked upon as a failure, and he now claims the events of the present week as a confirmation of his statement. Thereupon he challenges THE SPEAKER to deny his assertion. Now to talk of any man as being a failure in an office which he has held only a few months is to show a more robust confidence in one's own judgment than is compatible either with

modesty or common-sense. At the same time the utterance of these hasty judgments is always a rather serious matter, because they tend to bring about their own fulfilment. They are like the acts of the husbandman who is perpetually pulling up the plant to see whether it is or is not taking root. I am not, therefore, going to bandy words with the gentleman to whom I refer on a question which is, at least, not ripe for discussion, much less for decision. But when THE SPEAKER ridiculed the idea which this gentleman seems to have promulgated, that the dinner to Sir William Harcourt was *meant* by those who attended it as a declaration of their loss of confidence in Lord Rosebery, it was unquestionably a witness for the truth. There may have been six, or there may have been ten, men at the Harcourt dinner who were possessed by the motive attributed to them by the *Birmingham Post;* but there were certainly not more. This is a point I can affirm without fear of any authoritative contradiction. As to the question of Lord Rosebery himself, I would venture to suggest that it is childish to pass judgments upon any man, be he peasant or Premier, on insufficient *data*. Surely the lessons of history ought to teach the truth of this doctrine. Let me give an example which Mr. Chamberlain's organ in the press ought to be able to appreciate. At the time of the Jingo scare of fourteen years ago, and for years afterwards, Mr. Forster was assailed with bitter abuse by those Radicals who hated him, because he had withdrawn his resolution attacking the Tory Government when the telegram arrived announcing (falsely) that the Russians were inside Constantinople. This step was regarded as being not only a blunder on his part, but proof of his weakness as a Liberal, and for the remainder of his life his critics made much of the incident. But when his Biography was published, it appeared that the withdrawal of the famous resolution took place after a meeting of the Liberal leaders, at which Mr. Gladstone among others had strongly advised the step. So much for the judgments of contemporaries who are far more ready to find scapegoats than to deal fairly by men with whose conduct they can have but an imperfect acquaintance. At this moment, there is a disposition among certain Radicals to make a scapegoat of Lord Rosebery because he is suppposed to be the real obstacle to action against the House of Lords. Now this fiction happens to be a sheer delusion. There is no foundation whatever for it, as will in due time be made apparent. Yet it is upon this error and its consequences that Unionist organs are trying to rear the delusion that the Liberal party regards Lord Rosebery's Premiership as a failure. Why do they not look at that Premiership as a whole, at the results of the present Session, and acknowledge, as Mr. Chamberlain has done, that the Government, under Lord Rosebery's Premiership, has achieved a remarkable practical success?

Friday.—Members are dropping away one by one, but, as usual, certain persistent gentlemen only seem to become more active as the end approaches. There is Mr. Weir, for instance, who has succeeded in making himself universally obnoxious, but who, despite this fact, pursues his labours with a serene unconsciousness of the feeling he has succeeded in creating. Some men fear lest he may insist upon speaking at the early sitting to-morrow, and thus prevent the Ministers and other M.P.'s who are invited to the trial voyage of the new P. & O. steamer from the Clyde, catching the Glasgow express. But that idea is too monstrous to be entertained. The Speaker yesterday evening laid down one of those *dicta* which deserve not only attention, but criticism. He practically ruled that it was out of order to discuss the question of the House of Lords on the vote for the officers of that House. When, then, can that question be discussed? This is a conundrum to be solved during the recess, the only thing certain being that not even Mr. Peel, with his vast powers, will be able to check the freedom with which the Representative Chamber will deal with the House of Lords when it once resolves to grapple with that mighty question.

LONDON IN AUGUST.

I CANNOT understand what people mean when they say that London in August is dull. To a solitary temperament it is full of interest. To sit almost alone in your club, under the mild gaze of the waiters, who are obviously exhausting speculation as to your real motive for staying in town; or, better still, to sit in some other club, your own being given up to mops and pails, and wonder whether the ill-looking personage at the table opposite, who is eyeing you distrustfully, is a fair specimen of the gifts and graces which make this a customary haunt; to saunter down Pall Mall in your easiest garb, and feel a yearning to whisper "Brown Shoes" in the ear of a sentry, and hear him say, "Pass, Brown Shoes," as if you were the countersign of the day; to find the purchase of a box of matches at a corner a commercial transaction which pleasantly interrupts the current of meditation; to ride on the top of an omnibus behind a driver with the most florid complexion you ever saw, who seems to have "pals" in every public-house he passes, to be saluted with a chirrup, not to mention a varied acquaintance with the occupants of all sorts and conditions of vehicles, and who, on pretence of whispering something in the ear of the young woman beside him just as she is about to alight, kisses her cheek, and is rewarded with a playful slap, together with the news that he is "a silly"; to wander in the Row and watch the rabbits cocking white tufts which pass for tails, and erecting extravagant ears with grotesque gravity, to the speechless delight of children; of such are the simple pleasures of London in August. Then, if you meet a friend who starts like a guilty thing, detected still in town, an embarrassment from which you are perfectly free, it is an exercise of charity to set him at ease with the topic of the very remarkable weather. "Yes, isn't it extraordinary? No summer at all. . . . Raining like mad in Scotland, I believe. . . . Met a fellow yesterday who said shooting was almost impossible in Westmoreland. . . . People trooping back from Switzerland in despair, I hear. . . . So cold, too. . . . Nearly asked for a fire at the club this morning. . . . Rain has quite flattened the corn in Essex, they say. . . . Not much use going anywhere. . . . That's why you and I, like sensible men, are still here. . . . Ha! ha!" He goes off in high spirits, and you flatter yourself on the adroit turn you gave to the conversation. You know perfectly well that he is green with disappointment because he never received that invitation to the country of which he was proudly expectant when you saw him last. It would have been a coarse entertainment to ask him why he had not joined that shooting party; but there was a subtler enjoyment in persuading him that you had forgotten all about it, and in watching him snatch at the corn in Essex as an excuse for being found on the banks of the Serpentine when other sportsmen were making their "bags" on the Scotch moor. The practice of charity is not only a virtue; as a method of harmless delusion, it is the most refined of pastimes.

In August, too, I have a particular fancy for the pit of a theatre. The stalls are then in Scotland, and the private boxes are at Pontresina, but the unsophisticated pittite who laughs harmonious, or weeps melojius, as The O'Mulligan would say, is here in his mellowest effulgence. In the spring you may admire the lovelier iris on the burnished dove, but it is only in what the calendar would term the late summer that you can thoroughly appreciate the robust lady who takes her playgoing uproariously, and recruits the energies of laughter with bottled stout between the acts. As I listen to her honest mirth, and to the

clink of the empty glass under the seat when she kicks it in an uncontrollable rhapsody—a sound more innocent and outspoken than the clandestine harmonies of the brandy-bottle and the plate under Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's counterpane—I have no longing for the piping and dancing of Arcadia. Here in a London pit, the soul unvexed by problems, yielding smiles and tears to the will of the commonplace comedian, is a picture of simplicity, unmatched by shepherd on the Grampian Hills. It is in the pit that you find the master passions, the finest strokes of rugged character unveneered by convention. Who tells the famous story about the man with the oranges? He sat through *King John* without a tear, and when asked the reason of this obduracy, replied, "It isn't true, and if it was it's nothin' to me." And when desired by a fastidious neighbour to eat oranges no more, he untied a bundle disclosing eight of them, and said, "Look here, I'm goin' to eat all these, and if you don't like it you can take a private box." That man is a true individualist who can resist the tear-compellers of the stage, and to whom the orange and not the play's the thing. To sit in the theatre, intent on some practical and tangible end to which the dramatic show is merely an adjunct, is an exercise of independence possible only in the pit. Here is no reticence, hiding the elemental emotions and presenting a mask of indifference to the observer. I stood once with my back against the pit-wall beside an old gentleman who watched the scene with an air less of enjoyment than of expectation. Presently a youth carrying a flag came to the front and sang a song. Instantly the old gentleman showed the most eager attention, and when the song, rather indifferently executed, was over, he turned to me and said, "That's my son." I could see that he had spoken simply to give voice to fatherly pride, and not to solicit my opinion about the performance. That did not concern him in the least, for the remark I made in acknowledgment of this confidence fell on a deaf ear. He had passed half the evening in waiting for the great appearance, and he passed the remainder in an absorbed remembrance. I wonder whether the young man who carried the flag will ever entrance a larger audience.

Then, London in August always moves me to commiseration for the daily papers. They have to come out as usual, poor things, with precisely the same quantity of printed matter, and next to nothing in it; for though the world goes on wagging, and events, great and small, continue to happen, and the pulse of life is about as strong in August as in any other month, the vitality of Fleet Street seems to relax, and exceeding little straw goes to the composition of the wonted tale of bricks. Do the newsmongers stand on their watch-towers and cry to one another, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming—anything on earth that will make half a column? Do you see the sea-serpent coming, Sister Anne?" I lament the coyness of that disappointing reptile. Quills are quivering to do him honour, and presses are panting to encompass his sinuous folds in type; yet he remains as indefinite as Antony's crocodile, of his own colour, and the tears of him are wet. The crying need of London in August moves him not a jot. To me the newspaper at this time is like my club, which is under the dominion of the mop and the pail; there is much dusting of neglected corners and a great output of pigeon-holes, and an elaborate search amongst *disjecta membra* for treasures that may have been victims of oversight. I admire this industry of the editorial *chiffonnier*, but it makes laborious reading. Better recall the books which have fallen into arrear, and take a morning stroll with a quaint old author, remote from the clatter of the daily broom. Then it is wonderful with what freshness the town smiles at you, how its picturesque spots wear a new charm, and the afternoon light on the grey spires of Whitehall softens the most sordid recollection into tender reverie.

THE HABIT OF READING.

THERE are certain simple-seeming questions which open up such a gulf between questioner and questioned that they tend to act as a sudden extinguisher upon conversation; and the commonest of these is the inquiry "Do you like reading?" It is generally a young lady who asks it, a young lady who adores Mrs. Henry Wood, and reads Kingsley, but finds him rather deep. One cannot well reply—"My dear young lady, do you care about breathing?" Yet the truth is, books are to a great many of us one of the accepted factors of life; one likes this book or that book, one distinguishes between novels and Bridgewater treatises, but one takes it for granted that one must read something. This is all very well, but why the people who have contracted this particular habit should account themselves superior to those who are free of it is not so clear. In point of fact, reading people, if they begin to write, find that bookish folk are just the least interesting to write about, for the reason that they have accustomed themselves to take their sensations and beliefs at second hand. The experience which is gained by way of books, contrasted with that acquired in actual life, or even by the spectacle of it, is like some of these modern goods ready digested and prepared: it is compact, it is serviceable, but it is neither succulent nor interesting.

Many people are inclined to make mere extent of reading a test of education. It would be as reasonable to value an estate simply by acreage. One may almost assert with confidence that the man who has read most, among men who read, cannot be the best-educated man, because he must have robbed nature in other ways to attain this superiority. The man who has read most, in short, will probably be the slave of a vicious habit that has engrossed to itself all the faculties of his being. Our grandfathers and grandmothers were brought up to think it impolite to read in the drawing-room after dinner, even in the domestic circle, whereas tatting, crochet, cross-stitch embroidery, or round games were laudable occupations, and conduced to sociability. The present generation, confronted occasionally with these ideas, rebels at the necessity of making small talk or playing backgammon. Yet if we find a difficulty in the business, it is ten to one but this is due to the unsociable habit of reading. It is a paradox to say so, but probably no great reader is a good talker, unless he be in continuous and lively contact with active life, as Scott, for instance, never ceased to be. He may be a sayer of pointed things, he may only too probably be a declaimer of drawing-room harangues; but he will not be a talker with whom all men and women delight to hold converse. As a general rule, the best school for talk is an out-door life, that stimulates the observation and involves intercourse with many varieties of mankind. Busdrivers and gamekeepers are good instances, and the country clergy have great opportunities if their faculty of humour survives; there probably never was a time for the last hundred years when Ireland had not at least one priest with a reputation for wit that went across the water. Of indoor workers, undoubtedly bookish men are, in proportion to their intelligence, the worst of all company: unless one should make a special class for mathematicians, who waste sunshine over volumes devoid even of a shadowy human interest—"biblia abiblia," as Lamb put it—books that are no books.

Too often a great scholar, who is a scholar and nothing more, becomes a being to be pitied, almost like an opium-eater. He is under the tyranny of a habit that peoples his mind with shadows which shut out the fresh realities or kill them by their chilly presence. His outward senses are torpid, and human beings wear to him an indiscriminate aspect. He has lost touch with existence, and can

no longer check, by the shock and recoil of feeling, the solidity of his theories. Is he pessimist, is he optimist, the voice of life can neither confute nor establish his doctrines. He may write learnedly of the systems of monogamy, but he has forgotten what it is to be in love, unless, like the French disputant in the story, he has never had the experience. Does he think? Not the confirmed reader, for he knows it has all been thought before; and, besides, his brain, over-drenched with learning, has grown indolent and passive; it refuses to initiate: it is receptive merely. In short, reading, if it be carried to excess, becomes no better than a lazy substitute for thought; it is a kind of mental gluttony that inevitably produces a state of mental torpor.

Yet if it be a vice, reading is a darling sin. Every man has his own light reading; the student of Coptic may relax his mind over a newly discovered Syriac version of the Gospels. But in a general way our quest for pleasure leads to the chronicles of men and of their doings, whether set down by Thackeray or Pepys, by Scott or Boswell; and what hours in life go more pleasantly than those we spend over a good novel or a piquant memoir? The true reader has this immense advantage over the mere devourer of books, that whoever has the genuine feeling for literature can read and re read the same masterpieces indefinitely, no more wearying of their phrases than of familiar accents and well-known opinions in the mouth of an old and valued friend. "Vanity Fair" and the "Three Musketeers" are perennially delightful to those who have the honour to appreciate them. The amateurs of the circulating library are not to be contented without something new from Africa or elsewhere, and their life goes by in a wearing process of experimentation and a fleeting succession of ill-realised romances. They have no friends upon the bookshelves; they are not admitted into the choice society of books where the ghosts of great authors, awakening at the practised touch among the leaves, descend to hold "invisible converse with their votaries." Will Shakespeare impart his presence at the first reading of *Hamlet*? or does Scott reveal his large humanity, his high and chivalrous breeding, upon a careless turning-over of the leaves of "Waverley"?

It is hardly to be admitted that the elect reader will care to hear books read aloud, though he may very probably like reading aloud himself; indeed, it is scarcely possible to get the full effect of verse otherwise. He may even enjoy the rendering of a finely musical passage in a harmonious and well-disciplined voice; but, upon the whole, in reading he will resent the interposition of any third person between himself and the familiar pages. "Heard harmonies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." It is doubtful even whether a woman enjoys love-poetry read to her by her lover and not rather the lover's voice. Plays, it is true, are written to be acted; but if the play be a poem, something of the impalpable spirit, the subtle fire of poesy escapes in the material rendering; and to feel the inward soul of books is a pleasure for which men might willingly imperil their salvation. For it is the reading of literature that is the only true reading, the only reading that cannot cramp or distort the mind, though it may turn it into a kind of Lotus-land fatal to energy; and by comparison with the study of literature, all other kinds of reading are base and mechanical. What an amazing view of education it is, that which would do away with free libraries because the bulk of books read in them consists of works of fiction! Apparently these moralists would have the working-man unbend his mind over an economic treatise or a volume of sermons. The genial influence of literature, and its innocuous nepenthe for sorrows, they slight and overlook, to foist off upon us metaphysics—that arid nurse of intellectual arrogance—or a scientific treatise doomed to be exploded or re-written the year after next. If we must read for education (save the mark!) and not to please ourselves, at least let us read something warranted to last; and the least transient of all earth's immortalities is the immortality of literature.

THE SAGE OF THE DALE.

THE little village lies below us in a slight hollow, calm and peaceful. Everyone is in chapel this afternoon; there is no church, the Parson and Squire have no hold. Everyone is in chapel, save the Irish haymakers, who take their rest in the form of an occasional scrimmage on the village-green, and the geese, who graze the green all day long, unless thirst compels them to stand under the dripping village tap. Our way lies along the top of one of the many Shawls of the neighbourhood, flat terraces forming the limestone hills into a series of ridges. Away down on the left lies the valley. An occasional blackbird starts at our approach and hurries screeching into the wood that half conceals and half reveals the plain below. Over the waste marshy fell on the right zigzags a snipe, whilst the curlew's melancholy note forecasts, Cassandra-like, the burden of the Calvinist Sage of the Dale, whom we are going to hear. As we entered the hamlet that Sunday, we were reminded of the long straggling Odenwald villages; the level sun was shedding joyful light over the sombre moss-grown houses, and down the one narrow street, with its broad stretches of grass on each side.

An ancient man, sitting on a low wall by the roadside, directed us to the "second bottomest house," for there lived the man "well oop i' books." And there was the Sage himself, aged, rugged, shaggy, a little bent, in shirt-sleeves, carrying meal for his poultry. In the cottage, tea was being set by the trim, practical housewife, a grave, devoted-looking woman, in her Sunday-best gown of purple and black. What this gown, and the clean cloth and best china, on a Saturday afternoon might mean was revealed later on. In an inner room lay a Virgil and Horace. "But this is what I study mostly," said the old man, taking a Latin Vulgate out of his pocket, well-thumbed and well-worn with thirty years' usage.

We talked of Mr. Lewis's recent discovery on Mount Sinai. He knew all about it, humble dalesman out of the world though he seemed to be. Very different from an old friend I met two summers ago, a wheezy, wizened old dominie who educates the half-dozen families that make the population of one of the Western Hebrides. He lamented the backwardness of his people, how they take the cackling of their bourg for the murmur of the world. "I try myself," said he, "to keep up with the world. I went to the Great Exhibition of '51."

Then the Sage chatted about Tischendorf's discovery in St. Catherine's; of his own enjoyment in this lone place without an intellectual equal, as he turns over pages and compares Codex Sinaiticus with Alexandrinus and Vaticanus; of his delight in his Greek Septuagint and in his Hebrew Bible. For Hebrew, also, he had taught himself without difficulty, after once he had got hold of serviles and radicals. There was an odd fluctuation in his speech between the natural dalesman's home dialect and the refined pronunciation of a pedant. He admitted the soft impeachment when we suggested that he was parson of the village: that is "all there is." We wondered he had been left alone. He hadn't, he said; for fifteen years he had fought the whole time. A neighbouring clergyman had worked hard to get the living into his own hands, and prove that it was really Church of England property. "But thank God I'm here still, and it's not through t'grace o' parsons." The foundation belongs to no sect, but to those who preach the doctrines of Toplady and Dr. Hooker. And when

the parsons say they are the spiritual heirs of Toplady and Hooker, the Sage rounds on them with the question, "Do you preach the seventeenth Article?"

Very human is the old man. He exulted in his triumphs. He had read an inscription that "t' Parson couldn't;" and when his enemies took the occasion of an illness to go round for signatures to a petition praying for his removal on the grounds of incompetence, the trustees met, "but they wouldn't so much as have the petition in the same room with 'em!" The Sage showed us his little chapel. But we must tell later how it looked, and how we heard him preach in it! Nor could he linger, he had other work to do. As we left, a young fellow drove up with his wife and children. They nodded to the old man, who said quietly "That's my son; that's why the old woman was setting the best things;" and he passed on to his poultry. H. R.

THE FINANCES OF GERMANY.

IN his speech from the throne of Nov. 16, 1893, the Emperor William II. said—

"The financial administration of the Empire has not yet found a definitive settlement corresponding to the dispositions of its constitution. Experience has shown that such a settlement can no longer be delayed without damaging the Empire as well as the single states. The Imperial finances will have to be arranged in such a manner that the fluctuations in the demands upon the single states, and the assignments to them, shall cease, and that both be placed in a fixed relation, a part of the assignments being determined for a longer period by law."

In order to understand this, the English reader must be reminded of the rather complicated nature of the German financial system. According to Art. 35 of the Constitution, the Imperial revenue consists of the produce of the customs, the taxes on salt, inland sugar, and tobacco and beer. For the latter, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden have reserved their special malt-tax, and therefore pay larger matricular contributions. To these imposts are to be added the stamp-duties, the net revenue of post and telegraphs, of the railways of Alsace-Lorraine, and the Imperial share of the profits of the German Central Bank. As far as the income from these sources is not sufficient to meet the Imperial expenditure, the single states have to make up the deficiency by matricular contributions, levied per head of their population. This latter part of the revenue rests upon the rather crude practice of a poll-tax, the poor Thuringian peasant paying as much as the wealthy merchant of Hamburg or Danzig; but, on the other hand, grants are made by the Empire to the single states based on this principle. These are not less unjust, and were never contemplated by the Constitution; yet this system was still further complicated by Prince Bismarck in 1879, when he, in order to carry his Protectionist tariff, admitted the so-called Franckenstein Clause, according to which only 130,000,000 marks of the produce of customs and tobacco tax go to the Imperial Exchequer, whilst the surplus is distributed amongst the single states in the proportion in which they pay matricular contributions. During a series of years a large sum—exceeding the 130,000,000 marks aforesaid—was thus disposed of in favour of the single states; but, after those fat years, lean ones followed, the Imperial revenue sank, and the states had to make up the difference. The worst of it was that not only had they to pay much more than they received of the surplus, but that they never knew beforehand how much they would have to pay in matricular contributions, which for 1893-94 rose to 386,500,000 marks. It is clear, therefore, that, as the passage quoted from the Emperor's speech says, this state of things endangers the solidity of the finances of the single states; and, in order to amend it, the Government brought in a Bill tending to raise the indirect taxes by 100,000,000 marks, of which 40,000,000 were to go to the states and 60,000,000 were to defray the expense for the increase of the army, voted in October, 1893. This plan had its weak point in the fixing at 40,000,000 marks the grants to the single states, to which they have no right, the surplus of the Franckenstein Clause excepted, to which were further added the revenue of the tax on Stock Exchange transactions in 1881 and the consumption-tax on brandy, when in 1887 the southern states abandoned their special taxes on this article. This latter provision was very favourable to them, as the consumption of spirits is much less in the south than in the north, and therefore unjust; but it cannot be changed without their consent. It will also be difficult to obtain a majority in the Reichstag for repealing the Franckenstein Clause, irrational as it is, because the Centre party, which forced the Chancellor to accept it, sees in it a means of strengthening the federal nature of the Empire, and, besides, clings to the vote of the Reichstag regarding the matricular contributions; its members will, therefore, not consent to its suppression. Further, the single states will not easily give up the assignments which they get by the Franckenstein Clause, because it gives them a considerable revenue without limiting the purposes to which it may be applied. On the other hand, they suffer, as said above, by the uncertainty of the amount of matricular contributions. But the great disadvantage of thus fixing the grants at 40,000,000 marks is that it implies an alteration of Art. 70 of the Constitution, for, if the States are in any case to get that sum, the matricular contributions cannot be raised to an amount exceeding it, whilst by this article they are expressly destined to balance the deficient revenue. The Government proposal, therefore, seems to have no chance.

It is different with that part of the Bill which proposes to increase the indirect taxes for meeting the increased expenditure, as these imposts are very slight in Germany compared with other states, and in this respect the Reichstag has not acted wisely. The beer-tax in Northern Germany, with a population of about 37,000,000, yields only 31,000,000 marks, whilst Bavaria alone, which has her own much higher malt-tax, raises more with 5,500,000 inhabitants, and yet shows an increasing consumption. However, the Reichstag rejected the proposal of the Government to double the Northern beer-tax, which would not have reached the Bavarian tax and certainly have given 50,000,000 marks.

The present tax on the home-grown tobacco, levied according to the quantity of raw material, is as irrational as the former sugar-tax according to the weight of beet-root, because it does not meet the act of consumption. The tobacco monopoly has been acknowledged as impossible for Germany, first, because the indemnities to be paid to tobacco-dealers and manufacturers would swallow up for many years the revenue from the monopoly; and secondly, because hundreds of thousands of people engaged in the tobacco manufacture and sale would be thrown out of employment. The English system of levying a high duty from the imported article and of forbidding the cultivation can equally not be applied to Germany, as the production of tobacco occupies so large a place, particularly in the Palatinate, Baden, and Alsace, that its extinction could not be balanced by the cultivation of other crops, but would entail a grievous loss upon the national wealth. So it only remains to resort to the system practised in the United States and Russia: to abolish the special duty on home-grown tobacco, and to tax exclusively the manufactured article at the moment when it is to enter into consumption, while increasing the duty on imported tobacco. This was proposed by the Government, but, as the present writer thinks, not prudently opposed by the majority of the Reichstag, intimidated by the storm raised by the manufacturers and retailers. It is a common

experience that at any increase of a duty the interested parties declare they will be ruined by it. The tobacco dealers, and principally the retailers, must make large profits, as is shown by the enormous number of shops in every German town. In 1879 the tax on home-grown tobacco was raised by 41 marks per 100 kilo., and that on imported by 61 marks, yet the consumption did not decrease. The tax proposed by the Government was far lower than the American or Russian. It would scarcely have enhanced the price of the commonest cigar from 5 to 6 pfennigs (*i.e.*, by half a farthing), yet it met with strong opposition, and the Bill was delayed in committee so long that no result was arrived at. The Opposition, in order to balance the Budget, estimated the revenue from the other taxes much higher than it was estimated in the Government Bill. They seem to be justified by the lately published result of the income of 1893–94, which exceeds that of the previous year by 14,000,000 marks, and they prophesy for the current year a surplus of 40,000,000, as the first quarter has rendered 10,000,000 more. But this is very uncertain, for if some branches of the revenue exceed those of the last year, others have declined, particularly the newly-raised stamp duty on Stock Exchange transactions, by 10,000,000 marks. Besides, the expenses of the Empire are constantly increasing, and it is therefore to be hoped that in the next session the tobacco-tax, somewhat modified, will pass.

Certain it is that the indirect taxes which form the gross revenue of the Empire can be increased without any undue pressure, and that a country, the wealth of which has been so rapidly progressing as in Germany during the last thirty years, will easily be able to meet even a considerably increased expenditure.

HEINR. GEFFCKEN.

RAIDS IN ANGONILAND.

PA NTUMBI, ANGONILAND, B.C.A., June 13th, 1894.

SINCE I last wrote we have experienced wars and rumours of wars—considerably more of the latter than of the former, however. They began with a raid of Chatantumba's—there were reports of a descent by a truculent person named Kwata-Moto ("Marry-the-Fire"), who appears to live somewhere to the northward; but these turned out to be fallacious. It was Chatantumba who, with or without just cause of offence, had sent down an *impi* to eat up those villages which, as related on a former occasion, are supposed to belong to him. As it happens, he and Mandala are friends just now—as Pembereka's people know to their cost; but that is "another story," which also shall be related in due course—so the people he raided were his own. This was scant consolation when they found themselves deprived of all the goats and fowls previous raids had left them; while the *impi* made bonfires of whatever they did not care to carry away—among other things, some of the school-children's reading-books (others, as they afterwards declared with great pride, "had saved theirs!")—and tore the beads from the women's necks, and the calico from their shoulders. They did not, however, burn down the houses; nor would there seem to have been any kidnapping cases, as was at first feared. The only personal ill-treatment appears to have fallen to the share of the poor women, who were forced to carry loads of plunder for the raiders, and beaten with sticks to make them do so. The missing people fortunately turned up within a few days, having been hidden in the bush.

The ladies of the Ntumbi mission station were absent when this happened, but returned shortly after, finding the house and all its contents uninjured. In fact, Chatantumba had given express orders that no harm was to be done to the white people or their property; which was the greater credit to him, if the above theory of the origin of the "war" be the true one.

A few days later there was another scare. Women and children came hurrying up the hill to the mission station with baskets and bundles—all the portable property they could manage, in fact. Some hung about the premises all day; others went on, up the hill, to hide in the grass and scrub. About two in the afternoon there was hurrying to and fro, and excited crowding to the points which commanded the best view over the plain. "There is the war—look at the white flag!—*mbendera yoyera!*" And, sure enough, a white point, representing a good-sized square of calico, was seen (inappropriately enough) bobbing up and down among the scrub close to Chinkadzi's new village—which lies two or three miles away, on the other side of the *vley*. There were also certain warriors, with spears and shields, performing evolutions not very clearly visible except to trained native eyes. Then came a period of suspense, during which the poor women anxiously questioned whether, in the (as they were repeatedly assured, highly improbable) event of the enemy coming up the hill, they would be allowed to take refuge inside the house, which was, of course, promised them. After a while, a party were observed dancing a war-dance on a bit of open grass-land in full view of the station, and somehow, whether by ocular inspection on the part of those keen-eyed dames or through a *φήμη* which had, in some inscrutable manner, travelled up the hill, it became known that the dancers were not the enemy, but *antu atu*, "our people," and that they had captured two of the assailants, who turned out to be A-machinga—*i.e.* Yaos from the upper Shiré banks and the south end of the Lake.

Then, after a due interval, came one cranking up the hill, in all the pride of victory—that hoary old impostor, Ndabankazi. Ndabankazi is a plausible, good-natured, slippery, talkative, and utterly conscienceless old man, who possesses all the attributes of a professional Irish beggar, and a few more besides. He once obtained a considerable present by representing himself as the principal headman of the district, and nearly got the Blantyre Mission into a serious difficulty with the real occupant of that position, Champiti—of whose absence on a journey he had taken advantage. When detected in this, or any other piece of petty rascality, his cheerfulness remains unaltered; he will come up smiling next time, to shake hands and ask for salt, as if nothing had happened! For the rest, he is tall, lean, and not ungraceful in attitude and gesture, and is not a Ngoni at all, having come with his people, in the course of many wanderings, from Matengo, at the north end of the Lake—whence also, I believe, came Pembereka and Kaboa.

He was talking loudly and excitedly, and displaying a knife (one of the ordinary Angoni knives, in a carved wooden sheath) which he averred had been taken from one of the prisoners, the son of someone whose name I forget (perhaps the miscreant was not supposed to sport one of his own), and which he was wearing round his neck. This he related, with eloquent gestures, to two of his wives, who were among the refugees, and who went down on their knees to him and begged him for "fodia"—snuff; having apparently suffered as much from deprivation of that luxury as Mr. Stevenson's excellent Scripture-reader in the Highlands. Ndabankazi proceeded to extract his "mull"—it was a neatly polished little gourd, if I remember right—from the weasel-skin* bag in which he carried it, and dispensed snuff therefrom with an air of royal condescension to the three suppliants—the third being an old widow lady from another village who seems to be a distant connection of the family.

* "Likongwe"—it looks like a kind of ferret; its skin, stripped off whole, is in constant use as a bag for the snuff-gourd, and is worn slung round the neck.

Then he sat—or squatted down, in the approved attitude of the travel-books, yarned at length—the three hanging on his words with a submissively interested air which would have charmed Mrs. Lynn Linton. Everything was quiet by next day, and the people gradually returned to their homes. Champiti—the head-man of the district—started for "the village"—*i.e.*, Chatantumba's—to "speak the mlandu," taking the prisoners with him. Result—not made known as yet, Champiti not having returned. These two men, I believe, were the only casualties on either side.

There have been one or two scares since, but no actual appearance of an enemy, and one learns to treat the cry of "nkondo" with some disrespect. The native idiom, by-the-bye, apparently personifying "the war." They say "The war has taken my fowls," "the war is finished—*ya ta*—it has gone home!" "The war has passed by such and such a road," &c. &c. Noticing that people, whose chickens "the war" had seized, still had a well-stocked pigeon-cote, we asked the reason, and were told that they took the pigeons with them when they ran away into the bush. "How?" "We catch them in the night and put them into a ntanga (basket)." They did not say what happened when the alarm occurred by daylight. "Why don't you take the fowls in the same way?"—"Oh! they would scream,"—"*a li ku lira*"—and, indeed, I never knew poultry with such powers of making hideous noises. They have some excuse, however, in the way in which they are treated—especially on a journey—for protesting is the only way open to them. The pigeons seem to be far better cared for, in a general way; there is always a house built for them, and an old broken pot fixed on a post to hold their supply of water. They can pick up a very fair living in the grain-fields during a greater part of the year, and, I believe, are fed with *mapira* ("Kaffir corn") at other times. The fowls are never fed: they eat grasshoppers, and hang about the grain-mortar, or the mat where the *mapira* is beaten out with sticks. The wonder is that they turn out to be eatable when their appointed time comes; and the boys pursue the fated cock, with shoutings and sticks, till he is finally run down in a corner, and half an hour later finds himself where Henri Quatre wished fowls for all his subjects. But they are mostly of very fair quality, though small sized.

A. WERNER.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MINISTERS AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

SIR,—It strikes me that the Government, who are just bringing a most important session to a triumphant close, are at this moment in greater danger than during any previous period in their two years of life. No doubt they are safe enough for six months to come, and if, like one very recent Ministry, their chief anxiety was to enjoy the emoluments of office for as long a period as possible, this fact might satisfy them. But no sensible man will entertain such a suggestion as this. Ministers, I am sure, feel as strongly as any of their followers do that they have a more important work in hand than the receiving of their official pay, and if they desire to stay in office it is because they wish to carry out the work they were elected to do.

But clearly as yet very few of them have realised the depth and the intensity of the feeling among their own party on the question of the House of Lords. So far as I have seen, the only Minister who has yet spoken out on the subject in such a manner as to satisfy the bulk of the party is Lord Tweedmouth. Neither the Prime Minister, nor Sir William Harcourt, nor Mr. John Morley has yet addressed himself to this burning question with the energy and frankness which Liberals desire to see shown by their leaders. It is quite possible that they are following some carefully devised line of strategy, and that their batteries are already in position although masked. But it is impossible to close one's eyes to the state of feeling in the ranks of the party, or to ignore the fact that great uneasiness prevails at present with regard to the action of Ministers. I would venture to ask them if they clearly realise the meaning of the different votes bearing on the House of Lords which have been moved by Liberals (or, if they prefer it, by Radicals) in the House of Commons during the present session. Mr. Labouchere's division on the address was a "surprise." True: but does not the mere fact that such a surprise was possible speak volumes for the intensity of the feeling which animated a party whose loyalty to its chief is unimpeachable? Would this demonstration have been possible if there had not been a depth of passion burning below the surface even in the breasts of the mildest and most docile of the Ministerialists? And what is the lesson taught by the proceedings on Friday last, when the Government so narrowly escaped a defeat on Mr. Healy's motion? The Whips, at all events, must know what the feeling on the Liberal benches on this question of the House of Lords has been all through this session. If the leaders wish to know what it is, let them ask Mr. Ellis.

It is not in the House alone, however, or even chiefly, that traces of that feeling are to be seen. The Leeds Conference spoke for the great mass of the constituencies, and spoke with no uncertain sound. There is no district in Great Britain where the overwhelming majority of the Liberal party is not at this moment chafing with impatience at what it deems the inaction and lethargy of the Government, and longing to receive the signal for that onward movement, in which it is burning to take part. So far as the constituencies are concerned, indeed, the chief danger is that a section of Radicals who have a game of their own to play, and who are playing it with some adroitness, may profit by the want of clear speaking on the part of Ministers to make this question their own. That would be a distinct misfortune. We want the whole army, with the commander-in-chief and his staff at its head, to move in this great campaign. We have no desire to see it directed by irresponsible adventurers or mere soldiers of fortune.

Last of all, there is Ireland. Surely Mr. Morley at least must know what is the state of feeling in the Irish constituencies and among the Irish members. If he does not, I can show him letters from men of mark and position in Ireland—moderate men, too, as the phrase goes—which will speedily enlighten him. One of them, writing a day or two ago, assures me that the one hope of preventing the outbreak of violence in the coming winter is that Ministers may make this question of the House of Lords the chief of all questions, and may thus convince the Irish people that they are in earnest in their determination to sweep aside the persistent and malignant obstruction which that House offers to every Irish reform. The Irish members are bitterly disappointed at the replies of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley last week. They know what the feeling among their supporters in Ireland is, and they know that they hardly dare face them again unless they can assure them that Lord Rosebery and his colleagues are in earnest in their determination to secure the predominance of the House of Commons. There is no need to say anything about the loyalty of these Irish M.P.'s. But I venture to predict that this loyalty will be strained to breaking-point unless they receive some assurance that Ministers share, and are prepared to enforce, the opinions which are now held in common by all British and Irish Radicals. All this our leaders can learn for themselves if they choose to consult the Irish members or anyone acquainted with Irish opinion.

Why are they hesitating? Perhaps, as I have already hinted, there is no hesitation on their part, and they are merely acting in accordance with some plan carefully devised in the Cabinet. But if this be the case, I believe they will find that their reticence is a mistake. It was not by reticence and strategy that the great reforms of old times were accomplished. Men knew how to speak out on Parliamentary Reform and the abolition of the Corn Laws. Mr. Gladstone knew how to speak out when he had made up his mind on Home Rule. It is not by a surprise or a skilful Parliamentary manœuvre that we shall overthrow the walls of the House of Lords. Those walls will never yield save to the pressure of public opinion, and that public opinion to be made effective must be organised, stimulated, and instructed in the full light of day. Let our leaders only give us the desired "lead," and in every constituency in the country they will find trusty lieutenants at work, marshalling the rank and file of the army for the struggle on which the future of our political life depends.

I must not trespass further on your space, though I could

say much more in support of my contention that *the time to speak out has arrived*.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully

Reform Club, August 20th, 1894. AN OLD RADICAL.

P.S.—Since the above was written the storm on Monday night, or rather Tuesday morning, has burst upon the House of Commons. Is there anybody who fails to understand its meaning?

AUTUMN SONGS.

I.

ALL the waysides now are flowerless,
Soon the swallows shall be gone,
And the Hamadryads bowerless,
And the waving harvest done;
But about the river-sources,
And the meres,
And the winding water-courses,
Summer smiles through parting tears.

Wanderers weary, oh, come hither,
Where the green-plumed willows bend,
Where the grasses never wither,
Or the purling noises end!
O'er the serried sedge, late blowing,
Surge and float
Golden flags, their shadows showing
Deep as in a castle-moat.

Like a ruby of the mosses,
Here the marish pimpernel
Glowing crimson still embosses
Velvet verdure with its bell;
And the scallop-leaved and splendid
Silver-weed,
By the maiden breezes tended,
Wears her flowers of golden brede.

Water-plantain, rosy vagrant,
Flings his garland on the wave;
Mint in mid-stream rises fragrant,
Dressed in green and lilac brave;
And that spies may never harass
In their baths
The shining Naiads, purple arras
Of the loosestrife veils the paths.

II.

Aftermaths of pleasant green
Bind the earth in emerald bands;
Pouring golden in between
Tides of harvest flood the lands;
Showers of sunlight splash and dapple
The orchard park;
And there the plum hangs and the apple
Like smouldering gems and lanterns dark.

Let no shallow jester croak;
Fill the barn and brim the bowl;
Here is harvest, starving folk,
Here! with bread for every soul!
Rouse yourselves with happy ditties
And hither roam,
Forsaking your enchanted cities
To keep the merry harvest-home.

Surely now there needs no sigh;
Bid the piper bring his pipe!
Sound aloud the harvest-cry;
Once again the earth is ripe!
Golden grain in sunlight sleeping
When winds are laid,
Can dream no dismal dream of weeping
Where broken-hearted women fade.

More than would for all suffice
From the earth's broad bosom pours;
Yet in cities wolfish eyes
Haunt the windows and the doors.
Mighty One in Heaven who carvest
The sparrows' meat,
Bid the hunger and the harvest
Come together, we entreat!

Aftermaths of pleasant green
Bind the earth in emerald bands;
Pouring golden in between
Tides of harvest flood the lands.
Let the wain roll home with laughter,
The piper pipe,
And let the girls come dancing after,
For once again the earth is ripe!

JOHN DAVIDSON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.

IN their reissue of the "Aldine Poets," Messrs. George Bell & Sons have made a number of concessions to public taste. The binding is far more pleasing than it used to be; and in some cases, where the notes and introductory memoirs had fallen out of date, new editors have been set to work, with satisfactory results. It is therefore no small disappointment to find that the latest volume, "The Poems of Shakespeare," is but a reprint from stereotyped plates of the Rev. Alexander Dyce's text, notes and memoir.

Now, of the Rev. Alexander Dyce it may be fearlessly asserted that his criticism is not for all time. Even had he been less prone to accept the word of John Payne Collier for gospel; even had Shakespearian criticism made no perceptible advance during the last quarter of a century, yet there is that in the Rev. Alexander Dyce's treatment of his poet which would warn us to pause before accepting his word as final. As a test of his æsthetic judgment we may turn to the "Songs from the Plays of Shakespeare" with which this volume concludes. It had been as well, in a work of this sort, to include all the songs; but he gives us a selection only, and an uncommonly bad selection. I have tried in vain to discover a single principle of taste underlying it. On what principle, for instance, can a man include the song "Come away, come away, death" from *Twelfth Night*, and omit "O mistress mine, where are you roaming?"; or include Amiens' two songs from *As You Like It*, and omit the incomparable "It was a lover and his lass"? Or what but stark insensibility can explain the omission of "Take, O take those lips away," and the bridal song "Roses, their sharp spines being gone," that opens *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. But stay: the Rev. Alexander Dyce may attribute this last pair to Fletcher. "Take, O take those lips away" certainly occurs (with a second and inferior stanza) in Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother*, first published in 1639; but Dyce gives no hint of his belief—and the belief were next door to absurd—that Fletcher wrote it. We are, therefore, left to conclude that Dyce thought it unworthy of a place in his collection. On *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (first published in 1634) Dyce is more explicit. In a footnote to the Memoir he says: "The title-page of the first edition of Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* attributes the play partly to Shakespeare; I do not think our poet had any share in its composition; but I must add that Mr. C. Lamb (a great authority in such matters) inclines to a different opinion." When "Mr. C. Lamb" and the Rev. Alexander Dyce hold opposite opinions, it need not be difficult to choose. But surely, if internal evidence count for anything at all, the lines

> "Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
> Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
> And sweet thyme true."

or—

> "Not an angel of the air
> Bird melodious, or bird fair
> Be absent hence."

—were written by Shakespeare and not by Fletcher. Nor is it any detraction from Fletcher to take this

view. Shakespeare himself has left no finer songs than Fletcher wrote at his best—no finer songs, for instance, than that magnificent pair from *Valentinian*. Only the note of Shakespeare happens to be different from the note of Fletcher: and it is Shakespeare's note—the note of

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be"

(also omitted by the inscrutable Dyce) and of

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight . . . ."

—that we hear repeated in this song from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. And if this be so, it is but another proof for us that Dyce was not a critic for all time.

Nor is the accent of finality conspicuous in such passages as this from the Memoir:—

"Wright had heard that Shakespeare 'was a much better poet than player'; and Rowe tells us that soon after his admission into the company, he became distinguished, 'if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer.' Perhaps his execution did not equal his conception of a character, but we may rest assured that he who wrote the incomparable instructions to the player in *Hamlet*, would never offend his audience by an injudicious performance."

I have no more to urge against writing of this order than that it has passed out of fashion, and that something different might reasonably have been looked for in a volume that bears the date 1894 on its title-page. The public owes Messrs. Bell & Sons a heavy debt; but at the same time the public has an interest of its own in such a series as that of "The Aldine Poets." A purchaser who finds several of these books to his mind, and is thereby induced to embark upon the purchase of the entire series, must feel a natural resentment if succeeding volumes drop below the implied standard. He cannot go back: and to omit the offending volumes is to spoil his set. And I contend that the action taken by Messrs. Bell & Sons in improving several of their more or less obsolete editions will only be entirely praiseworthy if we may take it as an earnest of their desire to place the whole series on a level with contemporary knowledge and criticism.

Nor can anyone who knows how much the industry and enthusiasm of Dyce did, in his day, for the study of Shakespeare, do more than urge that while, viewed historically, Dyce's criticism is entirely respectable, it happens to be a trifle belated in the year 1894. The points of difference between him and Charles Lamb are perhaps too obvious to need indication; but we may sum them up by saying that whereas Lamb, being a genius, belongs to all time, Dyce, being but an industrious person, belongs to a period. It was a period of rapid development, no doubt. How rapid we may learn for ourselves by the easy process of taking down Volume V. of Chalmers's "English Poets," and turning to that immortal passage on Shakespeare's poems which Chalmers put forth in the year 1810:—

"The peremptory decision of Mr. Steevens on the merits of these poems must not be omitted. 'We have not reprinted the Sonnets, etc., of Shakespeare, because the strongest Act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service. Had Shakespeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred upon that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonnetteer.' Severe as this may appear, it only amounts to the general conclusion which modern critics have formed. Still, it cannot be denied that there are many scattered beauties among his Sonnets, and in the Rape of Lucrece; enough, it is hoped, to justify their admission into the present collection, especially as the Songs, etc., from his plays have been added, and a few smaller pieces selected by Mr. Ellis. . . ."

No comment of ours can add to, or take from, the magnificence of this. And yet it was the criticism proper to its time. "I have only to hope," writes Chalmers in his preface, "that my criticisms will not be found destitute of candour, or improperly interfering with the general and acknowledged principles of taste." Indeed they are not. They were the right opinions — for Chalmers; as Dyce's were the right opinions for Dyce: and if, as we hope, ours is a larger appreciation of Shakespeare, we probably hold it by no merit of our own, but as the common possession of our generation, derived through the chastening experiences of our grandfathers. That, however, is no reason why we should not insist on having such editions of Shakespeare as fulfil our requirements, and refuse to study Dyce except as an historical document.

It is an unwise generation that declines to take all its inheritance. I have heard once or twice of late that English poets in the future will set themselves to express emotions more complex and subtle than have ever yet been treated in poetry. I shall be extremely glad, of course, if this happens in my time. But at present I incline to rejoice rather in an assured inheritance, and, when I hear talk of this kind, to say over to myself one particular sonnet which for mere subtlety of thought seems to me to surpass not only anything written by Browning or Tennyson, but anything that Browning and Tennyson could possibly have written, even if they had laid their heads together, and called in Carlyle to advise them:—

"Thy bosom is endeared of all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns Love and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious Tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!

Thou art the grave where buri'd love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone!
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me."

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THREE LADY TRAVELLERS.

GLIMPSES OF FOUR CONTINENTS. Letters Written During a Tour in Australia, New Zealand, and North America in 1893. By the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos. London: John Murray.

IN THE LAND OF THE TUI. My Journal in New Zealand. By Mrs. Robert Wilson. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

POLAR GLEAMS. An Account of a Voyage on the yacht *Blencathra*. By Helen Peel. With a Preface by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, and Contributions by Captain Joseph Wiggins and Frederick G. Jackson. London: Edward Arnold.

SUCH books as these will be read by many, and enjoyed by some. They may be useful to a few, not as descriptions of far lands, but as material for the study of the character and individuality of their authors, who may be taken, we presume, as typical women of to-day. In many respects the books are similar, dealing in a detailed and inartistic way with the records of daily routine on board ship or in colonial tourist tracks, with here and there a flash of real description. The three books are beautifully illustrated. Miss Peel's voyage was the least commonplace, and she states that she was the first lady to cross the Kara Sea, though we presume her hostess whom she accompanied deserves at least to be bracketed equal; the Duchess of Buckingham also claims a "record" as the first duchess to tread the democratic soil of Australia. Mrs. Wilson professes no priority of this sort, though, with a little thought, she could doubtless have discovered some primal phase in her wanderings. Each book abounds in matter for criticism. We cannot concede that it is

wonderful, as Lord Dufferin suggests in his preface, that a young girl in society should be willing to be the first of her sex to make a pleasant summer trip to an exceptionally interesting region at a particularly interesting time; we know many who would have competed eagerly for her opportunity, and who would possibly have given a better account of it. Miss Peel was not trained as an observer, nor has she the command of a fluent or graceful literary style; but her book is bright and pleasant, showing her to be possessed of a healthy mind as well as an active body. The chapters by Captain Wiggins on the Siberian Railway and on Nansen's voyage are of much value, and confirm the opinion of Dr. Nansen's probable route which has generally been arrived at by geographers at home. Mr. Jackson states his intentions with regard to polar exploration; he would have been better advised to remain silent until his return. If successful, he has drawn heavily on his credit beforehand; if unsuccessful, he will cover himself with ridicule.

The Duchess of Buckingham sketches prettily, and the specimens of her art, as interpreted by Mr. Whymper in a series of charming engravings, impart real value to her book. In literary form it is deficient, for, although the preservation of the language of the original letters gives freshness to the narrative, it perpetuates hasty statements which ought to have been erased; and it would require one of the more subtle of Old Testament critics to explain how a letter, dated from Chicago, could contain an account of the writer's final departure from that city, her subsequent sojourns in Washington and New York, and her arrival in Liverpool. The Duchess discovered some as "fearful wild-fowl" as ever globe-trotter could desire to meet; at Gibraltar she "saw some English soldiers belonging to a Highland regiment, so smart in their kilts," and never hinted at the desecration of the garment; while on the American prairies, she says, "I saw a little animal that I took for a prairie dog, but afterwards discovered that it was called a Tasmanian devil," which proves that your Western American is ever a man of humour. We must, however, do justice to the good points of the narrative; there are descriptions of sea-scapes that even Mr. Clark Russell could take hints from, and although the colonies were seen from too exalted a standpoint to discover their true interest, there is not a word in bad taste, nor a single sentence that could offend the most sensitive Australian or New Zealander; this is no small praise.

Mrs. Robert Wilson is facile with her pen beyond most authors, and the wealth of quotations and references with which her pages are garnished testify to her wide reading and good memory. We confess we would prefer her description of New Zealand, "the land of the Tui"—which is a bird—in a simpler form; but her enthusiasm for natural beauty and her exuberant fancy are most excellent things in a woman, and we cheerfully accept the defects of these qualities. Like many women writers, she leaves the public in the dark as to the identity of her companions. There was "B.," who was probably Mr. Robert Wilson, and "Gwlad," who appears from various allusions to have been a little girl, although a very tolerable map of New Zealand is given as "Drawn by Gwlad," who would thus appear to be a cartographer. We do not like a book ending like this one:—

"*Months later.* B. has returned, and now it is really home again. How happy we are!

* * * * *

Where next?"

A little more education, a little more repression, a clearer perception of the purpose of a book, would make each of the three ladies a pleasant and a profitable writer. We hope that they may learn by criticism, and not be spoilt by the careless praise which their names and relationships may bring them from "irresponsible indolent reviewers" and Society friends.

UNDER ELIZABETH AND JAMES.

SELECT STATUTES AND OTHER CONSTITUTIONAL DOCUMENTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE REIGNS OF ELIZABETH AND JAMES I. Edited by G. W. Prothero. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

BISHOP STUBBS' collection of select charters has served for many years as a standard text-book, and it is not too much to say that most students learn even more from it than they do from his "Constitutional History." It only comes down to the end of Edward I.'s reign, but the Bishop is understood to have been long engaged in preparing a further volume or volumes on the same plan. Mr. Gardiner has in the meantime published his "Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution," and Mr. Prothero attempts to fill up the gap with the book before us. We cannot say we think it as good a book as either of its predecessors, but it will prove very useful to students, and will teach a good deal even to older readers. The reign of Elizabeth, especially, though it has been the subject of much research and more fine writing, has been insufficiently treated on its constitutional side, and those who have only read Hallam will find the hundred pages of Mr. Prothero's introduction informing, even when they differ from him. His bias in favour of the Monarchy and the Anglican Establishment comes out in his statement that law was, in a manner, on the side of the Stuarts (*see* p. xxix., where there is an evident misprint unworthy of the Clarendon Press) and leads him to stretch the theory that the Elizabethan Star Chamber was identical with the Star Chamber of the Act of 1487 to an extent which can hardly be justified by the facts; but his bias is not obtrusive.

The documents he has chosen come from three sources. About one-third of the space is taken up with statutes. Historians have spent a great deal of time rummaging among manuscripts when they might have been better employed in studying the Statutes at Large. For the Tudor period especially it has always seemed to us that more knowledge is to be gained from this than from any other source. A single volume, too, covers the whole time, and Mr. Prothero's selection seems valuable chiefly because it will send the curious student to the statutes themselves. The extracts from the political writings and sermons of the time seem to be open to the same objection to an even greater degree. Bacon, Raleigh, Hooker, and Laud can hardly be fairly treated within Mr. Prothero's limits. An extract of half a page from Bacon's essay "Of Judicature" is scarcely a constitutional document, and the historical student who attempts to understand the epoch without reading Bacon's essays does not deserve to be aided in deceiving the examiners by being furnished with a passage convenient for quotation. The third source from which Mr. Prothero has derived materials—the Patent Rolls, the journals of Lords and Commons, Strype, Rushworth, and Rymer—could hardly be ransacked with profit by the ordinary student, and the extracts seem to have been well chosen.

The greatest defect of the book is the entire omission of the economic changes of the time, and the almost entire omission of reference to Ireland; yet it was the depreciation of the precious metals and the insurrection of Hugh O'Neill which broke down the constitutional system of the Tudors. Prices measured in gold and silver money had remained fairly stable on an average of years till Henry VIII.'s and Edward VI.'s Ministers debased the coinage. The immediate gain to the Crown was more than counterbalanced by the consequent diminution in the real value of both the hereditary revenue of the Crown and the Parliamentary grants, for the first was mainly in fixed rents or fixed specific Custom dues, and the second followed an assessment which was in practice seldom altered. Partly, therefore, to increase her revenue, Elizabeth began her reign by restoring the coinage, a great

achievement to which Mr. Prothero does not refer. She was able, through the increase of revenue thus obtained, to live mainly "of her own" for her first twenty years; but the depreciation of the precious metals caused by the increased importations from America caused a fall in the value of money greater than Henry VIII. had brought about by his base metal. The price of wheat trebled between 1531–40 and 1583–92, and doubled again in the succeeding reign. So it was with other commodities. The royal revenue, measured in pounds or shillings, remained about stationary. This, with the immensely increased expenditure in Ireland, placed the monarchy in the hands of the Parliament.

The only thing which did not rise in price was labour. Mr. Prothero prints the Statute of Labourers and the Poor Law Acts, and he gives in his introduction much praise to the justices of the peace. He might have given a few examples of the Quarter Sessions' assessments of wages. These gentlemen succeeded in keeping wages practically stationary, while the purchasing power of money fell by 70 per cent., and rent rose six-fold. Shakespeare's view of the justice of the peace is a much fairer one than that which Mr. Prothero has taken from Gneist.

The book is generally accurate, but there is no such thing as a "permanent committee" of either House of Parliament, and the earlier statutes of 39 and 40 Elizabeth were passed in 1597, not 1598.

THE "HARDNESS" OF DANTE.

READINGS ON THE INFERNO OF DANTE: CHIEFLY BASED ON THE COMMENTARY OF BENVENUTO DA IMOLA. By the Hon. William Warren Vernon, M.A. With an Introduction by the Rev. Edward Moore, D.D., Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. London: Macmillan.

Two incidents of the last century come to our mind, upon studying this admirable and elaborate work. Lord Chesterfield, in the middle year of that century, wrote thus to his son:—"My dear Friend, You have by this time, I hope and believe, made such a progress in the Italian language, that you can read it with ease: I mean the easy books in it; and indeed, in that, as well as in every other language, the easiest books are generally the best; for whatever author is obscure and difficult in his own language, certainly does not think clearly. This is, in my opinion, the case of a celebrated Italian author, to whom the Italians, from the admiration they have of him, have given the epithet of *il divino;* I mean Dante. Though I formerly knew Italian extremely well, I could never understand him: for which reason I had done with him, fully convinced that he was not worth the pains necessary to understand him." A beautiful picture: Chesterfield rebukes Dante for obscure and sophisticated thinking. A few years later, a young Cambridge undergraduate, in the course of a polite and cultured conversation, modestly struck in with an illustration from Dante. A silent and retiring gentleman suddenly turned to him:—"Right; but have you read Dante, sir?" "I have endeavoured to understand him." Whereupon, the two conversed together for the rest of that evening, and the elder invited the younger to his rooms in Pembroke. They were Gray and his young disciple Nicholls. These two little passages throw light upon each other. "Sa réputation," said impudent Voltaire, "s'affermira toujours, parcequ'on ne le lit guère." On the contrary, Dante's fame, since Gray's day, has waxed great and greater, because his readers have been, like Gray, not wholly unworthy of him. Mazzini, Lamennais, Carlyle, Mr. Ruskin, among the prophets; Shelley, Byron, Hugo, Tennyson, the Brownings, Rossetti, Arnold, among the poets; critics, from Landor, Leigh Hunt, Arthur Hallam, to Church, Symonds, Mr. Pater; the most familiar of American writers, Longfellow, Lowell, Mr. Norton; scholars of devoted labour, Scartazzini and Witte; theologians and politicians, Catholics and republicans, a great crowd of worshippers, have united to serve him. Translations of him are becoming annual products; and consciences, whether Anglican or Nonconformist, are eagerly adapting the mighty Catholic to their spiritual wants. And, with all this enthusiasm, Chesterfield was partly right; Dante will always be the hardest poet in the world, not excepting Æschylus, Pindar, Lucretius, Shakespeare, Milton, Browning. But Chesterfield was precisely wrong in his account of Dante's hardness.

Some poets are hard because they are vague; some, because they are impersonal; some, for want of an adequate vocabulary: others "have hardness thrust upon them" from mere lapse of time. Dante is in none of these cases. For lack of local knowledge, we shall never be quite able to follow Pindar throughout his work with absolute knowledge; and Shakespeare will always be to us something of a Hamlet. But Dante's hardness yields to patient study; like a mathematical demonstration, he brings us *intelligibilia*, if we will bring sufficient *intellectus*. Hard he is, not obscure, as Coleridge luminously said of Persius. Necessary, for a competent understanding of Dante, are these chief things:—A knowledge of mediæval theology and philosophy; of mediæval science, astronomical, chronological, cosmographical; of mediæval history at large; of the Papacy, the Empire, and Florence in particular; of the Italian language in general, and the Tuscan in especial, from early times up to the present; of mediæval classical scholarship; of Dante's mediæval *origines;* of his early commentators and biographers; of Italian topography and archæology; of contemporary art. Add to this modest list the necessity of being somewhat a poet and in nowise a pedant, and the study of Dante will appear sufficiently formidable. But facts are facts; and it is a fact that by far the greater part of Dante's hardness comes, not from his own want of clear thinking, but from his reader's want of clear knowledge; and also, that the means of acquiring that clear knowledge are almost in every case plentiful. To put it very simply: if you know the "Æneid" of Virgil and the "Summa" of Aquinas, so much the better will you know Dante: that is obvious. But it is not too much to say, that till you know these, and many other things also, you cannot know Dante. No other poet demands so multifarious a knowledge in his readers; if we know the Attic Orators, so much the better, as Mr. Jebb tells us, shall we know Sophocles; but whilst the scholar has a special pleasure in studying Sophocles under that illumination, he will not urge its necessity for all. So, too, is it with Milton, Spenser, Goethe: scholarship enriches our joy in them, but scholarship is not a *sine quâ non* for their students. But Dante, the man of thought and learning, wrote not a word in wantonness; no poet can be less read at random, opened anywhere, lazily followed. Milton's magnificent names of classic and romantic places please readers who do not know, or have forgotten, their associations: his learned allusions can charm by the splendour of the mere phrases. It is a disreputable way of reading him, but it is possible: no such thing is possible with Dante. The tense phrase, the brief sentence, the reticent restraint of him, simply baffle and confound the ignorant reader: this scholastic term, that classical instance, refuse to be passed over, or half appreciated. And so, "Dante" commonly means a few famous passages—Francesca, Ugolino, Matilda, Sordello, and a score of lovely descriptive lines: the whole "great argument" is too high for the generality of readers. Too high, or too deep: for, as Coleridge has it, "Dante does not so much elevate your thoughts, as send them down deeper." Like his great lover, Michael Angelo, he has no prettiness, no relaxing of his energy; and, as Angelo is found by some to crush, oppress, overwhelm, by sheer strength, rather than to charm, so is it with Dante. "Anatomical exercises," say they of Angelo: "scholastic exercises," of Dante. The beauty of both is inseparable from their thought; their vision of the

universe has an universality. They will not go out of their way to dally with chance attractions; they loved law. With no parade of learning, and with no condescension to ignorance, Dante employed all his powers upon his chosen work; and its structural unity admitted no extravagance of ornament. For pure strength of conception and steadiness of execution, it stands unexcelled, perhaps unequalled. Other marvels of the Middle Age were gradual growths of generations: Aquinas only, beside Dante, raised as perfect a work upon as vast a scale, "without superfluousness, without defect."

Mr. Vernon bears a name honoured by all lovers of Dante, and his present work will increase their grateful admiration. His "Readings" could hardly be bettered. He gives us the Italian text, an English prose version, notes of singular value, and incidental help of many kinds. Based upon Benvenuto da Imola, his commentary keeps us within the earliest stream of tradition; and his own local knowledge, his various scholarship, his candid statement of conflicting views, make these volumes the best English edition of the "Inferno" for minute and patient study by beginners, and for general consultation by all. A mastery of them will equip any reader with the knowledge indispensable for a right appreciation of the opening *Cantica;* whilst they constantly suggest the wealth of matters, well nigh inexhaustible, which Dante's work embraces. It is direction and guidance that his inexperienced followers need most: a Virgil to give, not elaborate disquisitions, but pregnant suggestions. A complete knowledge of all that Dante and his scholars have written would be an encyclopædic education, and the daily labour of a long lifetime; but between that and complete ignorance lies a happy mean, well kept by these volumes. Dr. Moore, whose right to speak needs no explanation, supplies an introduction, felicitously championing the poet of the "Inferno" against attacks rather hasty and splenetic, than come of knowledge. These aids in hand, the reader may venture with Milton, *ad illum Dantem libenter et cupide commissatum ire.* Nowhere do the greatness of the ancient world and of the new so harmonise as in him: and our age of looser thought and feeling may find in him a wisdom, none the less profitable for being the result of a passionate spirit and a stern logic, confronting eternal realities, faithfully and fearlessly, through a pilgrimage that closed in the *Luce eterna* and the Rose of Paradise.

THE PROPHET OF MONISM.

ETHIC, DEMONSTRATED IN GEOMETRICAL ORDER. Translated from the Latin of Benedict de Spinoza. By W. Hale White. Translation Revised by Amelia Hutchinson Sterling, M.A. Second Edition. London: Fisher Unwin.

IN our restless modern world it is not wonderful that men flee from time to time within a sanctuary where its tumult cannot come. The more they are tossed and fretted the greater will be their admiration for the recluse, the solitary, and the self-absorbed, who care nothing about their ambitions and rivalries, their absurdly delusive hopes, and their still more futile rewards. Some have found in Wordsworth the quiet place among the mountains which they were seeking. To others the calmness which at last triumphed in Goethe over his sentiments and his love-makings has an unspeakable charm. But perhaps it is only Benedict de Spinoza—that "unhealthy, lean Jew" whose converse was "sweet and easy," and whose life, in its perfect wholeness, had something of the Greek god, statuesque and beautiful, about it—that, in his very name, brings to cultivated Europeans a sense of tranquil and divine serenity which, though they may not share it, has upon them the effect of an unclouded sky, when "the Heavens break open to their highest," and existence becomes a vision of peace, not a struggle against blind chances and mere ill-fortune. Other philosophers, said Matthew Arnold, have had celebrity—for instance, your Fichtes and your Hegels—but Spinoza has fame. "His wings overshadow the nineteenth century," it has been lately observed, and those to whom the literature as well as the metaphysics of our day have furnished a study will not think the expression unwarranted. Editions of the original—nay, translations like the present—though increasingly popular, give but a scant indication of the power which Spinoza wields, for he has ever reigned in secret, in the heart rather than the philosophic schools; and when he makes a disciple he binds him with the cords of Adam, as a friend. Of all metaphysicians, Spinoza was the least disposed to put forward a personal claim. And he is perhaps second only to Plato in the fascination which himself, and not his works alone, calls forth when the ages have passed, and the world hurries along by the tombs of its wisest teachers, not caring even to read their epitaphs.

So marvellous an influence cannot but take its rise in something deep and real. Is it, then, the mathematics of "being," here set forth in propositions, lemmata, and scholia, which draws men after the Marrano of Amsterdam? The "One Substance" and its modes, the identifying of intellect with extension, the rejection of final causes? These are doctrines which have created sects and sectaries, but we can hardly suppose they would by themselves have lifted even Spinoza to a height far above Parmenides and the rest, whose fanatical worship of Unity strikes upon us as cold and repellent. Not many will read with the attention demanded this painstaking version of the "Ethic"; and fewer still, we imagine, will find its logic satisfactory. To deal with the book on its mere merits, abstracting from the author, we should take a course which certainly has not occurred to Mr. Hale White, and compare it with the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas, which in plan it resembles, although in drift it is quite the opposite. Mr. White is anxious to clear up the sense of Spinoza, and has written a sound, straightforward, and to some extent an impartial prologue to this very difficult volume. But he is a little peremptory in his language. Like M. Van Vloten, he shows some eagerness to evaporate the strictly Divine or "theological" elements from a book which seems to him (we do not say without solid warrant) an introduction to the philosophy of a godless Nature; and thus he passes by the source of that charm to which none who have read Spinoza can be insensible.

However, we must confess that such reasonings as we find on pages 78 and 79 of his candid preface do raise the question which we should be willing to leave in its antiquarian dust—whether, namely, the preachers like Bossuet and the critics like Bayle, who charged this exceedingly self-possessed genius with atheism, were utterly in the wrong? Mr. White tells us that, according to his author's principles—and in no paradoxical significance, but quite literally—"we are saved as much by our sins as our virtues"—which is Theodore Parker's famous view that sin, instead of being the way into the bottomless pit, is "a fall upwards," on the road to perfection. Again, says Mr. White, "Nature knows nothing of penalties. She corrects in order to obtain a result." That was scarcely the teaching which Carlyle saw in the French Revolution, or which the most profound moralists, from Æschylus to Bishop Butler, have read in the Book of Life. Sin, it appears to Mr. White, is only "limitation"; and therefore to execute murderers he is pleased to set down as murder. May we remind him that Mr. John Morley, who cannot be accused of theological prejudice, has acknowledged, in his customary feeling style, "that horrid burden and impediment on the soul which the churches call sin, and which, by whatever name we call it, is a very real catastrophe in the moral nature of man"? To attenuate a moral catastrophe into "limitation" is about as reasonable as to torture an animal, and then take its cries and strugglings for automatic phenomena with no feeling behind them.

It would be possible, by fair selection from these pages, to demonstrate that Spinoza has rejected free-will, made of virtue and vice absolutely mechanical products, denied the immortality of the individual, abolished the faculty of willing altogether, reduced the world to a system of bare intellectual notions, identified God with the universe, and given to the most monstrous criminals an apology for their evil deeds, in the principle which he borrowed or held in common with Giordano Bruno, that "the universe," including mankind as a part of it, "cannot do but what it does." The explanation of those horrors which law and justice avenge is that they are, in those who perpetuate them, mistakes, slips in the reckoning, and due, not to malice, but to "inadequate ideas." *Difficile est saturam non scribere*, when we hear these things and turn to the cool and deadly miscreants, sometimes like Tiberius seated on a throne, whose ideas were so lamentably inadequate. Spinoza living in a state of unfallen innocence reminds one occasionally of the young ladies who read very wicked novels, but, thanks to their judicious bringing-up, fail to see the wickedness and adore the sentiment. We wish him, not less innocence, but more insight. It is amazing that a born Hebrew should have broken so completely with his Hebraism. But again, as has been said, Spinoza was "a Greek among the Jews, and a Pantheist among Christians"—a pure intellect which had no practical knowledge of that greater and deeper reality we term human nature. His sophisms are not hard to unravel; the account of them may be found in many text-books. It is his temperament which emerges victorious and unconquerable from the discussion; his spirit, not versatile and flighty like that of M. Renan; not complicated, like Goethe's, with passions which were thoughts as well as with thoughts which were passions; but putting to shame Emerson's moral "relativism," and kindling to a clear light when the only temptations possible to it, such as envy or hatred, sent up their black exhalations from beneath. "As pure as angels and as proud as devils," said the orthodox Bossuet, after some conversation with the sisters of Port Royal. He would not have spoken differently had he come to talk with Spinoza.

If we test his self-styled ethical system by facts, we shall be compelled to admit that it leaves out—for it fails altogether to interpret them as they are known to us—the most important, the truly human and undeniable experience of wrongdoing, remorse, and the judgment of conscience. If its principle of the One Substance be probed, we find it involves the stupendous assumption that "corporeal substance is not divisible and has no parts." If we go to it for a spring of energy, we learn that man is just as much, and just as little, master of his action when committing the most unnatural and deliberate crime as he is when affirming that a triangle is trilateral, or that its three angles must be equal to two right-angles. We cannot choose but do those things, whether good or bad, which we actually do; and virtue and vice, praise and blame, the ugly and the beautiful, are simply subjective in us, without meaning or reality before the Divine Mind. Nay, what is to hinder us from setting down that Mind itself as a "human fiction," like our other notions? For Spinoza devotes a whole page to the argument that our knowledge of God is purely "equivocal"—in other words, is no knowledge at all. Thus he was the father, not only of German Pantheists, but of English Agnostics—a kinship less incredible than on the surface it appears.

But still, the charm of this strange enigmatic figure grows, and does not fade away. What is the secret by which he survives? The present translator does not tell us, nor does Auerbach or Sir Frederick Pollock. It is, however, a question well worth attempting. Meanwhile, those who can read the *Ethic* in Latin, and those who cannot, are about equally under obligation to Mr. Hale White for a version as accurate as it is well written.

JAPANNING.

TRANSACTIONS AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE JAPAN SOCIETY. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul.

THE brothers Goncourt were the pioneers who many years ago introduced French taste and French artists to the art and the art-crafts of Japan. In the last incisive and deep-scanning seventh tome of their now celebrated *Journal* there is, under the date of August 23rd, 1885, a clairvoyant jotting that hits off the knack of certain Japanese artists in employing shadows (not shade) in their limning. Feeding his gold-fish that day, at the hour when the strong sunlight was full on their tank, it flashed upon Edmond de Goncourt (who is a member of this Japan Society) how like their sharp shadows on the clear shelves of the tank were to Japanese fish-pictures. Then he picked up an album by Baïgai, called "Shadows on Shadows," in which profiled shadows, somewhat alike to the silhouettes of Carmontelle, are thrown loose on to white panels.

Here, in the first handsome volume of the transactions of a young but vigorous society, may be admired some well-chosen examples of the conventional nature-pictures of famous Japanese artists excellently processed into delighting plates. Maruyama Okyo's "Carp and Maple-branch" (about 1780) might have served for text to M. de Goncourt, and next we have Mori Sosen's (died 1811) "Monkeys gazing on their reflection in water." Mori Tessan's (died 1841) "Eagle Killing a Monkey" is in the same shadowy spirit, and all these are of the Shijô school, as Mr. W. Gowland's attractive paper on the Naturalistic Art of Japan informs us. Turn we to the differing Ganku school, and we get more definite, harder, work in Tengaku Gansho's all but living Cranes; whereby we shall venture to hang the tale of Kanaoka's painting of a horse, which noble animal was so full of life that he stepped out of his own picture to graze on the flower-plots—not of his painter, but of a rival artist next door. Whereupon Kanaoka, in *excelsior* mood, nay, *in excelsis*, went one better and painted a Dragon, but left out the eyes, "for (said he to the carpers) were I to put in those orbs he would see to soar away." And, to silence the gibers once and for ever, he did at length paint in, with swiftest dash of brush, one fiery rolling eyeball; when straightway, amid blinding lightnings and thunderous peals, the heavy clouds of Heaven descended to the level earth, and the dragon rushed out upon them, and so to the empyrean.

A valuable paper for Japanising collectors is Mr. E. Gilbertson's on the Miochin family, or rather dynasty, of armourers, with the marks of one hundred and fifty-one of them. But by far the most fascinating essay in the volume seems to us to be Mrs. Ernest Hart's account of Crape-printing, with its lucid description and fine illustrations of the paper "stencil-plates" used in that artful craft. The subject is technical, of course, but for all that entrancing, because of the magical primitiveness of its most tenuous delicacy of deftest handiwork.

Some five-and-twenty years ago Mr. Arthur Diósy, the founder of this "Japan Society," and the writer of the present brief notice of it were the only non-Japanese attendants at the meetings of an earlier and more modest association of the numerous Japanese students who then came together periodically to read and discuss essays on both European and their own native subjects. Not only has Mr. Diósy promoted this other more public and more influential organisation, but he has fostered it in many ways, and it can hardly fail to work for good in art manufacture here, and also in the encouragement of closer trade connections between this country and Japan, the modern Japan that is even now but repeating her legendary history of 1793 years ago, when her Empress Jingô (fateful name!) invaded Corea, and brought back its political organisation—if we are to credit native annals—to the Central Land of the Reed-plain.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER VERSE.

TIBERIUS: A DRAMA. By Francis Adams. Introduction by W. M. Rossetti. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE CROSS OF SORROW. By William Akerman. London: George Bell & Sons.

SONGS FROM DREAMLAND. By May Kendall. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

EROTICA. By Arthur Clark Kennedy. London: Gay & Bird.

HAUNTED, AND OTHER POEMS. By Arthur L. Salmon. London: Spottiswoode & Co.

MR. W. M. ROSSETTI'S introduction to "Tiberius" is so clear-sighted in its critical parts, and so sympathetic in its appreciation, that one regrets there is so little of its author's work to be seen nowadays. "Spoiled by power" he finds to be the ruling idea of Mr. Adams's play, "one of the lessons stamped on the front of imperial Rome, and from of old legible to all men." The deteriorating effect of power is, indeed, to be found in all the principal characters of the drama. The motive appears first, as it ought to, in Tiberius himself, who divorces his wife Vipsania in order to marry Julia, the daughter of Augustus. In Julia it is re-introduced several octaves higher. Sejanus and Electra, Chærea and Macro, are each illustrations of the main theme, and the whole is a rolling fugue, "Spoiled by Power." It is essentially a modern play, not in form, for it has little dramatic unity, but in mood, in the fibre of the thought, and in the characterisation. Tiberius is whitewashed and represented as the "destined and conscious avenger" of the oppression, self-indulgence, and monstrous egotism of the Roman aristocracy; but Julia remains unchanged, a frightful *fin de siècle* creature, all compact of lust and impudence. Twenty or fewer years ago the accepted Tiberius would have been retained, and Julia would have received the benefit of the poet's fancy. Now it is the fashion to strip women of all their higher attributes; they set the example themselves in much of their own recent fiction. Mr. Adams's play deserves a fair hearing, and might even be tried on the stage. It is strenuously done, and the verse has good qualities. As a comment on Tacitus, embodying modern ideas, it is interesting; it must be confessed also that it brings into relief the gigantic power of the Roman historian, whose Tiberius, whether portrait or invention, is not likely to be superseded.

In "The Cross of Sorrow" Mr. Akerman has attempted the impossible—to reproduce in spirit and letter the Elizabethan drama. The letter is not so inimitable, as Mr. Bridges and other writers have shown; but the spirit, in the sense of *being* Elizabethan, can never be borrowed; it is possible, however, to *do* as the Elizabethans did—to enter frankly and fully into the mood of the age in which we live. The dramatist who shall do that, while forming his manner from the past, may accomplish great things. Mr. Akerman complains that there is little or no taste to-day for Elizabethan or any form of antique drama. Of course there is not, nor ever will be. It is Victorian drama we want. Dramatic and poetic power mark Mr. Akerman's play, and as a first work it is full of promise. Mr. Akerman may do something notable.

Miss May Kendall's "Songs from Dreamland" is as good a volume of occasional pieces as we have seen for a long time. "The Deserter" and "Metempsychosis" are indeed the high-water mark of magazine verse. Some of the more frivolous matter might have been omitted with advantage; but the book as a whole is very readable.

There are dainty verses in "Erotica"; but somebody should have prevented the author from including this:—

> "Even though I were dead,
> Cold and divorced from men,
> My heart would leap up again
> In hurried throbs at your tread,
> Passing it overhead."

It cannot be plagiarism; no one who knew the last verse of the serenade in "Maud" would have dared to publish it.

Mr. Salmon has a gift of fluent rhyme worth noting, but as yet there is nothing else.

FICTION.

HER FAIR FAME. By Edgar Fawcett. London: Ward, Lock, & Bowden, Limited.

PLOUGHED, AND OTHER STORIES. By L. B. Walford. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

ALL IN A MAN'S KEEPING. By Meg Dyan. In 2 vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co., Limited.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CURRENCY GIRL. By W. Carlton Dawe. In 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey, Limited.

IT is impossible to record a favourable verdict upon "Her Fair Fame," an improbable story told in a stilted and tedious manner. There is neither freshness in the plot, nor any redeeming merit in the author's method of unfolding it, whilst the characters are all of the most wooden conventionality. The lady concerning whose reputation so many superfluous words are expended is Phyllis Bradhurst, the pretty wife of a young American artist who, in winning her affections, has incurred the deadly hatred of her whilom guardian, Ogden Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton, having destined the girl for his own bride, is maddened by her choice of the younger man, and henceforth he devotes all his energies to the task of blasting Foulke Bradhurst's happiness. By means of a stratagem he succeeds not only in ruining his rival's artistic career, but also in separating husband and wife, inducing Phyllis to accompany him abroad with her child, while Bradhurst lies unconscious with brain-fever. After an interval of two years, the much-wronged husband accidentally meets his errant wife at Trouville in very shady company, and apparently living under the protection of her ex-guardian. She is, of course, angelically innocent, notwithstanding appearances; and after a stormy interlude peace is finally restored to the Bradhurst *ménage*. The story is weak and dull, conveying no impression of reality in any respect. Yet a distinct improvement is perceptible in the second tale in this volume, "The Story of a Statue." In this little sketch there is far more sincerity, and a certain grace of touch which seems to indicate the possibility of better work than can be found in such inane productions as "Her Fair Fame."

Mrs. Walford's books are always pleasant reading, and "Ploughed" is no exception to the rule. In this story, and in its three companions, we find once more the bright, easy diction, quiet humour, and admirable common-sense which have distinguished previous works from the same pen. The stories are very slight, but all possess the charm of earnestness and simplicity. "Ploughed," the first and longest of the tales, takes us to the wild west coast of Scotland, amongst the Galloway moors. Thither the youthful hero, Quintin Courdelaye, has betaken himself, in soreness of spirit, to conceal from prying eyes his extreme mortification at the unexpected reverse of fortune which has befallen him in his University career. On the deserted moors, however, he makes the acquaintance of a certain bewitching damsel whose charms efface the memory of his disappointment at Oxford, causing him to dream of early marriage instead of University honours. But pretty Christina has a leal lover already, in the person of Niel Drummond, and the English lad's sense of honour is roused just in time to prevent his wrecking a noble life. The story is very prettily told, with an excellent effect of restrained pathos. The same note of quiet feeling is struck in the succeeding tales, all of which are thoroughly wholesome in tone. The book is sure to give pleasure to readers who do not crave for the excessive stimulus of sensational fiction. It is lively, natural, and gracefully written.

There is enough real merit in "All in a Man's Keeping" to make one regret those defects of

construction and style which unhappily mar its interest. The book is far too long, the story being spun out, in the second volume, to a tedious extent; and the occasional eccentricities of its phraseology are astonishing. Mrs. Malaprop herself could hardly have excelled Miss Meg Dyan in describing, for example, a doting husband as "luxorious." Yet there is much that is both picturesque and observant in this curiously unequal book. The first volume deals with Anglo-Indian life, and here the author shows to advantage, for her knowledge of India is evidently derived from personal experience. The story opens at Peshawur, where a military ball is in progress during the first chapter. At this eventful festivity the fortunes of the hero, Lieutenant Dick Urquhart, and his first love, Rose Yorke, are decided, disastrously for both. The handsome, dashing young soldier has been recklessly extravagant, and his military career is now ruined by the heavy debts he cannot meet. Learning this fact, his pretty little sweetheart is weak enough to forsake him, and Dick Urquhart finds himself thus doubly desolate. The misery of his position maddens him, and that same night he secretly steals away from Peshawur and strikes out for the ominous Khyber Pass, intending to cut himself adrift from all old associations, and seek a new existence in some native tribe. Luck brings him into the presence of a certain Afghan chief, the Khan of Khelat, who accepts the brave young Feringhee as a soldier in his body-guard. Now the old Khan has a lovely daughter, Zorayda, who, looking upon the bonny face of Dick Urquhart, loves him from that moment. In time he returns her affection, having got over the grief inflicted by Rose Yorke's faithlessness; and then he marries the Afghan maiden, and is even persuaded to complete his transformation by joining in a pilgrimage to the sacred shrine at Mecca. But here fate once more steps in. For the little band of Mahommedan pilgrims *en route* for Mecca must pass through Bombay, and in that city Urquhart accidentally encounters Rose, now the wife of an elderly judge. In an instant Urquhart's feelings are changed by the rush of home-sickness that overpowers his love for Zorayda and his plighted word to the Afghan chief. He yearns passionately to return to his English home and English life, and to accomplish this he deserts his comrades, his wife, and his chief without a word of farewell. His punishment for this treachery is told in the concluding chapters in a forcible and pathetic way. The characters are well drawn, and that portion of the book dealing with Indian life is executed with considerable *verve* and picturesqueness. It is a pretty, if rather incredible, romance that the author relates so sympathetically in the story of poor little Zorayda. If Miss Dyan will learn to repress her emotionalism and overhaul her grammar, she will doubtless succeed in producing a novel equal in interest and superior in finish to "All in a Man's Keeping."

There is a certain naïve simplicity about "The Confessions of a Currency Girl" which helps to redeem a somewhat commonplace story from actual insipidity. It is a tale of Australian life, told in autobiographical form by its fair heroine, whose strange title of "currency girl" is explained by the fact that she is the daughter of an ex-convict. This painful incident in the history of the Hastings family is, naturally enough, the pivot upon which the whole story turns, for the dark and indelible stain of the father's disgrace brings shame upon his innocent children also. And yet, as we learn at an early stage of the narrative, Frank Hastings, convict as he truly is, has been more sinned against than sinning, and is adored by the children whose young lives he has blighted. In early youth, and in circumstances of extreme provocation, he struck a blow, for which the penalty was ten years' transportation to New South Wales. After serving his time he married a noble-hearted woman who had followed him from England; and at the opening of the story the husband and wife are found established in a comfortable farm, and blessed with three devoted children. But troubles crowd upon the unfortunate creatures. As the children grow up, they are made to feel the convict-taint in every way. Florence, the pretty heroine, is vilely insulted by a rich, handsome young fellow who has treacherously won her maiden love; while her brother Will is treated with equal cruelty by the sister of the would-be seducer; and in each case the taunt of their inherited shame is flung at them. Will Hastings, unable to endure this mortification, goes forth into the bush to seek his fortune, and, after the sudden death of both her parents, Florence repairs to Melbourne with a similar purpose. The rest of the book is occupied with detailing the various vicissitudes of her career, which is sufficiently chequered to ensure the due amount of anguish to which lovely heroines are liable. She tries her luck on the stage, thereby reducing herself to the verge of starvation, since her talents are not equal to her beauty, and her beauty itself is a source rather of peril than of profit to the poor girl. However, Florence Hastings' sufferings for virtue's sake are duly rewarded at last, and a pleasant, if rather weak, story is brought to that happy ending which is no longer orthodox. "The Confessions of a Currency Girl" lacks literary skill and local colour; but it is a wholesome and lively tale, told with commendable simplicity.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

ALTHOUGH it was the generous and far-sighted enthusiasm of "Isabella of Castile" which lent wings to the dream of Empire which Columbus cherished, no monument has even yet been erected in the broad lands of America to the woman who rendered possible the great voyage of discovery. This circumstance led Major-General Howard, of the United States Army, to determine to do what lay in his power to awaken an interest in the career of one who was quick to detect in Columbus a man of vision as well as daring, and to trust him when ridicule and superstition were doing their best to thwart his bold project. This monograph is the outcome of General Howard's desire to raise the best monument that was possible to him to the memory of Ferdinand's great consort. It is based on considerable personal research, and the author has rendered his narrative more realistic by pilgrimages to Madrigal, the place of Isabella's birth and baptism; Arevalo, where she received her education; Granada, the scene of her greatest triumph; Medina del Campo, where she often lived, and where at length she died, and other cities and towns, where in her splendid, eventful life she held, often in dramatic circumstances, her brilliant wandering court. The view which is taken of the queen in these pages is that she was a woman of genius, swift in counsel, great in action, fervent in spirit, and with a sensitive understanding of the responsibilities of a sovereign, such as is only possible to the greatest of rulers. It was the very intensity of her faith which rendered her a persecutor; but the establishment of the Inquisition and the expulsion of the Jews darkened the lustre of an otherwise glorious reign of thirty years, which left an enduring mark on Spain, and shaped great issues far beyond its borders. Well might Washington Irving, in speaking of Isabella's offer to pledge her own jewels when Ferdinand's cautious fears seemed about to shatter the hopes of Columbus, declare that from that moment the Queen of Spain ranks as "the patroness of the discovery of the New World." Isabella lived through three wars, and the part which she played in them belongs to history. We can only add that it is not overlooked in this well-written and finely illustrated volume.

The revival at the Universities of the spirit of historical research is calling into existence some admirable text-books, written

* ISABELLA OF CASTILE. By Major-General O. O. Howard, Author of "Count de Gasparin," "Life of Zachary Taylor," etc. Illustrations. (New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

A STUDENT'S MANUAL OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. By Dudley Julius Medley, M.A., Tutor of Keble College, Oxford. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

DAGONET ON OUR ISLANDS. By George R. Sims. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE ABORIGINES OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA. By Albert F. Calvert, Author of "Western Australia and its Goldfields," "The Forest Resources of Western Australia," etc. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

THE INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL LIFE AND DUTIES OF THE CITIZEN. By J. Edward Parrott, M.A., LL.B. "The Waterloo Series." (London: W. H. Allen & Co., Limited.)

BROAD NORFOLK. Articles and Letters Reprinted from the *Eastern Daily Press*. Second Edition. (London and Norwich: Jarrold & Sons.)

with abundant scholarship and with scientific method, and yet pervaded to a remarkable extent with animation and colour. Dean Stanley, in a lecture delivered in London in the winter of 1854, declared that no student could know history at all fully who was not prepared to give his nights and days to it; and he added that those who were content to know it only through some compendium must also be content to "lose half its instruction and almost all its attractions." He went on to hint at a possible abridgment which might combine scholarly discrimination in the choice of facts with picturesque lucidity in their handling—a survey, in short, which should, as it were, "leap from one eminence to another, describing particular epochs, persons, events, places, with great fulness, and passing slightly over the dreary wastes of intervening periods." Historians like Green and Gardiner have made a later generation acquainted with such masterly epitomes in which exact knowledge and philosophic outlooks have been linked to skill in the selection of facts and felicity in their exposition. Mr. D. J. Medley, tutor of Keble College, Oxford, has just added to a list of higher text-books—which is still almost as small as it is select—"A Student's Manual of English Constitutional History," which seems likely, by sheer merit, long to remain the standard popular work on the subject. Other men have laboured in this rich, but difficult, field of inquiry in the Queen's reign—and notably Hallam and Erskine May, Gneist and Freeman, Stubbs and Homersham Cox, to cite but a few representative names—but, at the same time, Mr. Medley's able and lucid treatise deserves the emphatic welcome which scholars accord to books which widen perceptibly the resources of practical education. There is truth in the assertion that, after all, if history is to become—as, indeed, seems likely at the present day—a great educational medium, it is from the study of the growth of institutions rather than the annals of dynasties or the careers of individual men that the highest intellectual training may be expected. This book seeks to trace the evolution and growth of each institution, or set of institutions—the land, the Administration, the Legislature, the common law, the Church, the liberty of the subject, revenue and taxation, and the like—separately, and apart from what Mr. Medley terms the "accidental events of contemporaneous political history." He rightly thinks that by any other method the institution is submerged beneath a mass of unimportant personal detail, and the student is, in consequence, unable to grasp—because of the presence of irrelevant matter—the march of a great impersonal movement. One great advantage of this singularly able survey consists in the manner in which the results of recent critical work in the field of constitutional history have been gathered into the text.

It is a violent contrast—almost suggestive of a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous—to pass from such a book to Mr. George R. Sims' silly chatter about the Channel Islands, the Isle of Wight, and other holiday resorts. The appeal of such a volume is to the broad grin of the most vacuous-minded portion of the community, but since pointless banter and "smart" observation, however superficial, appear at present to be much in demand, doubtless "Dagonet on Our Islands" will be greedily read.

Much that is curious, and little that is valuable, about "The Aborigines of Western Australia" will be found in the bound pamphlet which Mr. Albert Calvert, the well-known mining engineer, has just published. Captain Dampier, the adventurous navigator of the seventeenth century, was the first Englishman to make the acquaintance with a set of people whom Mr. Calvert regards as the "most curious specimens of the human race." Dampier seems to have judged by the appearance rather than righteous judgment, and he made no secret of his unfavourable impressions. He called these "poor winking people of New Holland the miserablest people on earth," and during the passage of two centuries his verdict went almost unchallenged. In the course of his wanderings on gold-prospecting expeditions through Australia, Mr. Calvert was brought much in contact with the natives, and it is quite evident that he at least does not show the prevailing prejudice against them. Stress is laid in these pages on the marked differences which exist between the various Australian languages, as well as upon the differences in build and physiognomy which are found between the various tribes; at the same time, it must not be forgotten that there is a fundamental unity in the population from Swan River to Botany Bay, and from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Bass's Straits. "The natives have no written language, and our alphabet is totally inadequate to give expression to some of the sounds which are so volubly emitted." Mr. Calvert has something to say about the nine chief dialects of these strange people, and much about their customs, traditions, and manner of life. They are a short-lived race; the women age at a very early period of life, and it is extremely rare for any of the men to attain the age of fifty. The children seem to have the best of it:—"Do what he will, the young hopeful of the wilds is never chastised. Solomon's injunction about the rod has no place in the code of the Australian aboriginal. The boy, who is rather brother than father to the man—for the men are practically children all their lives—does literally what seems right in his own eyes." Mr. Calvert pleads that these poor black subjects of the Queen should be more fully protected against the "possible greed and racial prejudices" of their more powerful neighbours.

Mr. Edward Parrott's sound and admirable text-book, "The Life and Duties of the Citizen," in their industrial and social aspects, is intended to meet the demands of the syllabus prescribed by the Evening School Continuation Code, 1894, in Course III. It is a capital little manual of its kind, clear in statement, ample in knowledge, and practical in aim. It would, indeed, be difficult, in the space of something less than a hundred and thirty pages, to deal more fully or more clearly with a complicated subject. Special stress is laid on matters which touch very closely the interests of the children of the poor, such as trade unions, strikes, the co-operative movement, friendly societies, and the expansion of factory legislation. The volume merits a welcome, and may be trusted to win it.

Mr. Cozens-Hardy's articles in the *Eastern Daily Press* on "Broad Norfolk" were recently printed in pamphlet form, and we have just received a copy of the second edition of a modest treatise which excellently gathers up a good deal of interesting folk-lore and quaint dialect idioms of East Anglia. Professor Max Müller asserts that it is a mistake for anyone to suppose that dialects are in any case corruptions of the literary language of the nation. On the contrary, the "real and natural life of language is in its dialects." This little volume contains many provincialisms which ought not to perish, so expressive are they, and so racy of the soil.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Industrial and Social Life and Duties of the Citizen. By J. E. Parrott, M.A., LL.B. (W. H. Allen.)

Dagonet on Our Islands. By G. R. Sims. (Unwin.)

Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore. (Sampson Low.)

A House in Bloomsbury. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 2 vols. (Hutchinson.)

Co-operative Production. By Benjamin Jones. With Prefatory Note by the Right Hon. A. H. Dyke Acland, M.P. In 2 vols. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.)

The Administration of the Marquis of Lansdowne, 1888—94. By G. W. Forrest, B.A. (Calcutta: Government Printing Office.)

The Downfall of Lobengula. By W. A. Wills and others. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Problems of the Far East. By the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P. Japan—Korea—China. (Longmans.)

The Wings of Icarus. By L. Alma Tadema. *The Pioneer Series.* (Heinemann.)

The Justification of Andrew Lebrun. By Frank Barrett. (Heinemann.)

A Victim of Good Luck. By W. E. Norris. In 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

Days in Thule, with Rod, Gun, and Camera. By J. Bickerdyke. (Constable.)

A Toy Tragedy. By Mrs. H. de la Pasture. (Cassell.)

Disillusion. By Dorothy Leighton. In 3 vols. (Henry.)

The Kindness of the Celestial, and other Stories. By Barry Pain. (Henry.)

The Gentlewoman's Book of Dress. By Mrs. Douglas. (Henry.)

The Flaming Sword. By Dr. Percival. (Digby, Long.)

A Hidden Chain. By Dora Russell. New Edition. (Digby, Long.)

The Mystery of Clement Dunraven. By Jean Middlemass. New Edition. (Digby, Long.)

"Things New and Old." By H. O. Arnold-Forster. *Cassell's "Modern School" Series.* (Cassell.)

The Storehouse of General Information. Morlaks—Rubeola. (Cassell.)

The Story of Africa and its Explorers. By Robert Brown, M.A., etc. Vol. III. (Cassell.)

Manual of English Literature. Era of Expansion, 1750-1850. By J. Macmillan Brown, M.A. (Whitcombe.)

The One Mediator. By William Humphrey, S.J. (Art and Book Co.)

Nidderdale: A Yorkshire Rhineland. By Harry Speight. (Stock.)

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should be addressed to "The Editor," and Advertisements to "The Manager," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

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Terms of Subscriptions by Post.

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	14s.
Quarterly	8s.